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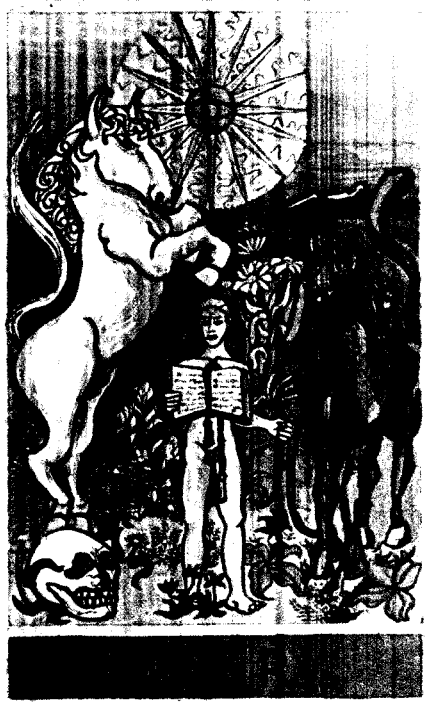

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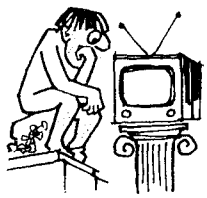

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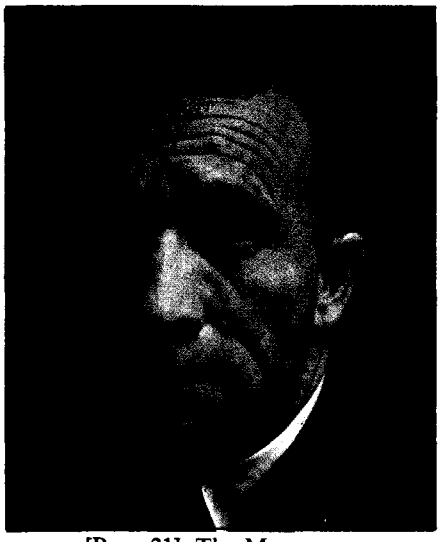

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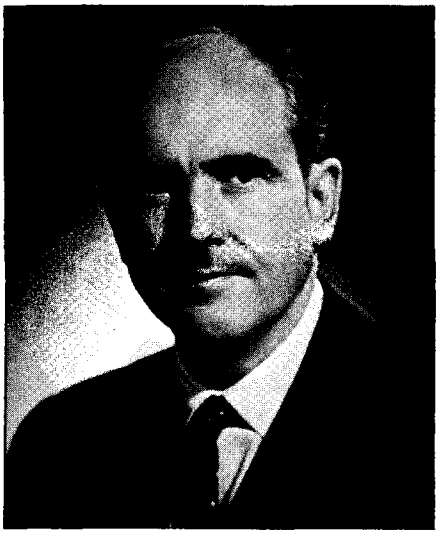

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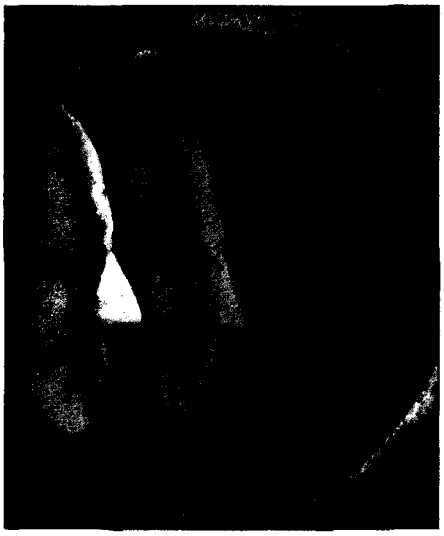

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Ramparts

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Apologia:

ALBEIT IT IS extraordinary indeed for this magazine to plug a movie, Lennon's new anti-war film (cover) is so unbelievably tough and outrageously uncompromising that it is likely to cause the more dedicated of veterans' groups to launch pogroms against innocent Beatle fan club members.

As staff writer alias novelist Steve Schneck cables from London (p. 32), "How I Won the War" will not end war particularly, but it damn well should be the movie that ends all war movies. So the Peace Movement, by default anyway, can look forward to its first victory since the Papal States disarmed.

The flick's significance, aside from the fact that nonpolitical Beatle fans will be shocked into questioning the sanity of Steve Canyon's patriotism, is that it goes beyond merely dumping all over the Army, the foppishness of valor, the absurdity of dying in battle and the entire historical rationale for fighting World War II; it questions the very values that most Western nations seem prepared to defend with their conscripted citizens' lives. "I never stole anything 'cuz there was never anything worth stealing," mutters John Lennon, dying.

If you are inclined towards historical reference, the last movie type to make a RAMPARTS cover was Humphrey Bogart, back in January 1966. He's dead, too.

In case you were wondering, today's movie column was written by Sheila Graham. Thanks Sheila, you're a luv. —W.H.

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Marginalia

Letters:

ARABS & JEWS

SIRS: Bravo for "Arabs & Jews: An Editorial" [July 1967]. RAMPARTS' objectivity is hard to achieve on an issue about which nobody else is even trying to be objective. As a member of the predominantly Jewish faculty of a high school on the Lower East Side, I have heard many a discussion which saddened me from the point of view that, however objective one's thinking ordinarily, there is no case where he can safely assume that he is so, without first looking to see if there are any emotional prejudices hiding behind his logical arguments!

How amazing that so many larger questions of international affairs are, at bottom, very personal. Wherever there is tension, there is a responsibility on *both* sides to use reason to overcome the tension, whether it is in the Middle East or here, in the everyday personal encounters between Jews and non-Jews.

MRS. JOHN BENDER
New York City

SIRS: Allow me to congratulate you on your editorial of July. It is undoubtedly one of (if not *the*) best editorials to have appeared in the American press dealing with the Arab-Israeli conflict. It has demonstrated an accurate and objective grasp of the magnitude and ramifications of the issue. It was indeed most heartwarming to see that at long last, someone was willing to raise the voice of reason and truth in a press where prejudice and hypocrisy remain the prevalent character.

ISMAIL SERAGELDIN
Organization of Arab Students
New York City

SIRS: How distressing it is to find RAMPARTS indulging in the vague cold-war gobbledy-gook so popular today (re: "Arabs & Jews," an editorial). Yes, perhaps the European Jews were hunted and destroyed at one time, but how long must we hear this as an excuse for every kind of crime? It looks painfully like the so-called persecuted Puritans of the 17th century (I wonder if they thought God had given *this* land to them?) who escaped to the North American continent only to begin systematically killing the (indigenous) Indians and running them off the land. Over whose dead bodies did God give Israel to the Jews?

KAY L. JACOBY
New York City

SIRS: Abdul Nasser's latest quote from the recent Arab summit is, "All Arab resources are now to be mobilized, and the remnants of colonialism and Zionism will be destroyed."

Nasser has been talking like this for over ten years. Yet, when he closed off Israel's outlet to the Indian Ocean and began mobilizing his Army on the Israeli border, and when the Syrian Arabs sent yet another—this time larger and more murderous than usual—company of *fedayeen* into Israel, and Israel finally, after years of forbearance, small scale reprisals, and complaints to the U.N., undertook to defend itself against all of these, still RAMPARTS can find it in its editorial heart to say, "Israel resorted to preemptive war." Which can only mean you do not consider a blockade to be an act of aggression.

By this standard RAMPARTS loses its New Left credentials, since even *it* is now seen to have a limit beyond which it will not call a spade a spade.

R. GREENGARD
Long Beach, California

SIRS: I read your July issue with great interest. Unfortunately, I think that in all the articles dealing with Israel, you confused reality with dreams (except for the historical sections, which made up the bulk of those articles). Israel is a fact; as such, it needs no justification. The same applies to the attitudes of the Arab states to Israel.

As to the "Arab" point of view, the most common mistake is to confuse Arab states and the Palestinian refugees. No one has ever asked them what they want. They are always spoken for. And the sad fact is that no one knows what they want. Do they want to return to Palestine, or are they willing to settle for monetary reparations? Do they want an independent Arab Palestine, a federation with Israel, or a bi-national state? These are the people with whom Israel must bargain first.

It must, however, be admitted that neither side has really tried to achieve peace. Here, two brands of nationalism are in direct conflict. The Arab brand is obvious; the Israeli is not recognized abroad. Nevertheless, it is just as real, and perhaps even more fanatic, at least among several groups. I do not, at present, believe that Israel will return any of the conquered areas. And at present no Arab leader has the perhaps foolhardy courage to attempt making peace with Israel. Only time, I believe, can lead to a solution, but time may be running out for Israel. The death toll in the Sinai campaign was less than 200; this time it was 800. What will it be in the next round? So it is that Israel must show more of a willingness to make peace.

Otherwise, Jerusalem is going to be one hell of a great city. I wish I didn't feel guilty about it.

SHNEOR SHERMAN
Jerusalem, Israel

SIRS: I. F. Stone's article, "The Future of Israel" [RAMPARTS, July 1967] is the best that has appeared on the subject in the entire American press. His plea for Jewish-Arab understanding is unanswerable. He ends on a false note, however, when he implies that Israel can presently alter its relations to the Arab world if it tries hard enough.

Israel has few options. Faced with an unbroken wall of hostility on the Arab and Soviet side, it clings to its so-called friendship with the United States (for its

Illustrations by Benedict Kocian

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Cable Address:
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Press run this issue: 300,000

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arms and material and diplomatic support), which in turn seeks to use Israel as a catspaw of its oil and cold war diplomacy.

BERT COCHRAN
New York City

SIRS: As an ex-student of both Michael Walzer and Martin Peretz ["Israel is not Vietnam," RAMPARTS, July 1967], I would like to dispute their apology for Israel and their hypothetical argument for American intervention on Israel's behalf. Like nearly all of the intellectual Left, both Jewish and non-Jewish, they have allowed their admittedly understandable "emotional loyalties" to overcome the anti-colonialist principles which they would otherwise support.

While the factual settings of the Vietnamese and Middle Eastern wars are obviously different, in basic ways "Israel *is* Vietnam" for the U.S. The authors attempt to draw a number of distinctions between the two situations, all of which seem to me to fail to distinguish.

For instance, they argue that the Middle East war, unlike the Vietnamese, is not a civil war. Both wars are civil and in parallel, although not identical fashions. In each case cease-fire lines have been drawn on the basis of outside determinations which have not been accepted as valid by the indigenous populations.

Then, the authors assert that they are against any peacetime blockade. Calling the Egyptian action a "blockade" assumes that Egypt has no right under international law to do what it did. Egypt probably did have that right.

The authors argue that Israel is not imperialistic because it was not created with the support of the "so-called imperialist powers." Israel is imperialistic because it is the creation of Europeans who took non-European territory by force of arms from the local inhabitants. This occurred with the continuing financial and political support of European and American Zionists. It seems clear that Israel could never have been created by non-European Jews, who lacked the essential technology.

JOHN C. GRAY JR.
Cambridge, Massachusetts

SIRS: Messrs. Walzer and Peretz deserve pity. Israeli actions in recent weeks undercut almost every line of their poor apologia.

It seems that Israel is too much of a "bad faith" not only to the anti-Semitic "right," but also to the guilt-complexed Western "left." As for the Western Jewish community—the right, left, center, top and bottom—all are glued up with the "mystical Jewishness" whose irrationality surprises even a philistine.

BILAYET HOSSAIN
Norman, Oklahoma

STILL, THE HIPPIES

SIRS: My son Stan (Mouse) tells me his beautiful features were on the cover of your March issue. Incidentally, he has his mother's hair (he will have to braid his soon) and here is the proof:

STAN MILLER, SR.
Livonia, Michigan

SIRS: May I ask that you allow me space in your letters column to disassociate myself from the article on the Hippies which appeared in the March issue?

I was not consulted on the article, did not contribute to it in any way whatsoever, despite being listed in your credits, and wish to make it clearly understood that I bear no responsibility for it.

RALPH J. GLEASON
Berkeley, California

THE MILITARY

SIRS: We read Don Duncan's article "Sanctuary" in the May RAMPARTS with no small interest, since more than a few of our fellow G.I.'s have told us that they had seriously considered emigrating to Canada to avoid the draft. In a way it is a pity that so many young men flee the country rather than enter the Army and organize against the war. Although our efforts to build an anti-imperialist movement among the other soldiers have caused us to lose our former job qualifications (one of us, awaiting appointment

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KLH launches an inquiry into "Subjective Value."

(SURVEY)

Question #1

How much would you pay to keep your wife one more year?

DO YOU REMEMBER the game kids used to play in school where you were asked how much money it would take to get you to sell your country's secrets? (Assuming no torture.) Or your dog?

It was a way of thinking about the value you *really* placed on a thing.

One of the first things you learned was that "features" had very little to do with it. (For example, if your country had had 20 more rivers, or your dog's tail wagged at 86 Per Minute—six less than an "average" dog's—the answer would hardly have changed.)

When KLH began making stereo equipment ten years ago, our founders (K., L., and H.) noticed that grownup manufacturers talked as though features had *everything* to do with value. We hated that. We still do.

"Feature:" Injecting 380 horsepower into cars that have no plausible market save those who commute back and forth over the Bonneville Salt Flats.

Or Again: Advertising 300 watts of power in a high priced stereo console unit to give it the *appearance* of value. (Neglecting to mention that large numbers of watts have nothing to do with hearing the music accurately, or even loudly, both of which depend on what kind of equipment you've squeezed the watts into. 35 watts in good equipment will do far better.)

42-22-36

To define worth solely in terms of features is like determining the "market value" of a wife from her height, age, weight, width of smile, tendency to suntan evenly, and the number of pounds of food she is capable of cooking up in an evening.

It's true enough we all like to have *something* explicit to help our thinking. Even Consumer Reports will sometimes find itself detailing competitive features and statistics; akin to Playboy's 42-22-36 ratings.

But studying the centerfold and accompanying data simply doesn't give us all the information we really need. What does? Well, probably nothing short of a few years in the same house together.

BASEBALL PLAYER

Packard had it right, way back in the twenties, when its advertising rested on the confident slogan "Ask The Man Who Owns One."

(It was a new kind of "testimonial" but it's been watered down since. How is a man today to depend on testimonials to choose, say, his cigarette brand when dozens of equally beloved baseball players can't get together about which is best?)

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Still, the principle of determining value through testimonials makes very good sense:

Economists, for instance, say value can be understood as "some measure of the sense of loss one experiences after being deprived of a commodity or service," or, ask the man who owns one how much he'd dislike losing it. (The boy contemplating his dog's worth figured it out the same way.)

Any other way of measuring value, like establishing a ratio between features and price, is at best only a guess, made *before* anyone could possibly know.

DEPRIVED OF YOUR WIFE

What we propose, then, is a technique of *measuring* the sense of loss as a way of thinking about "Subjective Value;" i.e., what a commodity means to someone who has it.

So. Assume for a moment that you are about to be deprived of your wife. (Substitute husband or "good friend" where applicable.) How much would you pay in dollars to keep her one more year? When you're through thinking about that one, fill in No. 1 and have a look at the rest of the questionnaire.

You see what we're up to here.

We began on this idea because we already have evidence (based upon a comparison of the number of hours owners sit listening to KLH phonographs as opposed to other brands) that our $300 stereo system is cherished somewhat more than one $400 system we could name; and perhaps twice as much as another $300 set.

Doubtless the same situation exists among magazines—some are surely valued more than others—or sewing machines, or autos, or toothpaste. Toothpaste? Well, we'll soon see, and if you're interested we will be pleased to let you know what we learn.

QUESTIONNAIRE

1 (See Headline). _____.

2 Are you a subscriber to this publication? _____. If not, do you read every issue of it? _____. If your answer is yes to either of these, and you were informed that because of financial difficulties the publication might discontinue publishing, how much would you be willing to pay for one more issue rather than be deprived of it? _____. One more year's subscription? _____.

3 Do you have telephone service at home? _____. If yes, assume you now pay an average of $20 monthly for this service. How much additional would you be willing to pay for phone service, rather than be deprived of it? _____.

4 The automobile you now own was purchased in what year? _____. At what price? _____. What make? _____. Assuming it's in good running order, and that you couldn't get another one like it, how much would you be willing to pay to keep from being deprived of it during the upcoming year? _____.

5 Do you own a piano? _____. Grand? _____. Baby Grand? _____. Standup? _____. Spinet? _____. How much did you pay for it? _____. How long ago? _____. How much would you pay to keep from being deprived of it? _____.

6 Do you regularly use a particular brand of toothpaste? _____. If yes, which brand? _____. Assuming you were informed that because of financial difficulties your brand of toothpaste might go out of business. How much would you be willing to pay, above its present cost, to have one more tube, rather than be deprived of it? _____.

7 Assume for the moment that an offer was being made for your wife's wedding dress. How much would you be willing to sell it for? _____. What does your wife say? _____.

8 Do you own stereo equipment at home? _____. A console? _____. A one-piece table model? _____. A three-piece system? _____. Components? _____. Which make(s)? _____. How much did it cost you to buy? _____. How long ago? _____. If you were about to be deprived of the set you now own, and knew you could not get another of the same kind, how much would you be willing to pay to keep it? _____.

If you are interested in receiving a tally of the results of this questionnaire, and others we are doing in subsequent ads, please put your name and address below. If you worry that we may start besieging you with literature, or sell your name to some list house, or send a salesman around, rest easy. We won't. Though if you would like us to send more information, or if you'd like the name of the store near you that features KLH, kindly so indicate. Thank you.

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Address _____

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☐ Please send information ☐ Forward survey results

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to Officer Candidate School, was the battalion's red-eye missile man, and, as chief of the Fire Detection Center, was signed for $20,000 worth of equipment; one was on orders for French language school; and one was trained to operate the FADAC computer), they have been modest indeed compared to the actions of the heroic Fort Hood Three and other G.I. war resisters similarly imprisoned. Nor have we forgotten Dave Mitchell and other anti-draft fighters confined in federal penitentiaries. It would seem that the stripes in the American flag symbolize prison bars as M.S. Arnoni has suggested.

Recently an officer in our battery underwent a Congressional investigation, brought on by complaints about his pro-Nazi leanings. And during the course of the whole investigation the officer in question continued to sport, beneath the glass on his desk, a picture of Nazi bombers raining explosives on the British troops at Dunkirk. Since this lieutenant will soon leave for flight school, it won't be long before his *ubermensch* fantasies become reality above the rice paddies and villages of Vietnam.

Now, when the neo-fascist National Review demands the suppression of RAMPARTS for the "treason" it committed by exposing the machinations of the invisible government, we on the left must redouble our efforts to crush those who would turn our land into a latter day version of Hitler's Reich.

SP/4 RICHARD WHEATON
PVT. ANDREW STAPP
SP/5 PAUL J. GOODTHE
Headquarters Battery, 2nd Howitzer Battalion, 2nd Artillery
Fort Sill, Oklahoma

SIRS: As one of Howard Levy's attorneys, I found the RAMPARTS account of his court-martial [July 1967] blemished only by its imputation of anti-Semitism to members of my immediate family. Such imputations were both inaccurate and irresponsible, and so I believe, unintended by Messrs. Duncan and Dunn. Apparently they as well as I were the victims of fanciful editing. My father, a practicing attorney, stands to be substantially damaged professionally and otherwise as a result of the article. I hope you will want to correct the record.

LAUGHLIN MCDONALD
Atlanta, Georgia

EDITOR'S NOTE: In describing the atmosphere of anti-Semitism in which the Capt. Howard Levy court-martial took place ["Notes toward a Definition of Military Justice," RAMPARTS, July 1967], certain statements suggest that Mrs. McDonald is anti-Semitic. There was no intent to attribute anti-Semitism to any individual, least of all, members of the McDonald family. At no time did any member of the family make anti-Semitic remarks or say anything to suggest they held such feelings. It was not the intention of the story to give such an impression, and the editors regret it if any such impression was given.

SIRS: Your July article about Dr. Levy's trial was kind of idiotic. I think that was worse than his court-martial.

When Donald Duncan writes that Dr. Levy "once cried when the petals fell off a rose" and that "he chose dermatology" because "skin patients don't die," I felt sort of a stomach ache. (Skin patients die, and from horrible diseases.)

I think Duncan should be fired from RAMPARTS and go sell popcorn.

ALONSO V. CORREA
Kew Gardens, New York

SIRS: My brother Dennis Mora is one of the Fort Hood Three now serving time in Ft. Leavenworth for refusing to go to Vietnam. I received a letter from Dennis dated May 9, 1967. The following is a quote from his letter: "After receiving three issues, they've decided to declare RAMPARTS contraband, and we are hurting for it. It would give us a lot of satisfaction to see a mention of it and maybe even get it back on the approved list."

GRACE MORA NEWMAN
Bronx, New York

SIRS: You are certainly aware of the important gap in our news media which RAMPARTS helps to fill; and that there is ample material which can and should be presented to the public. So why clutter your magazine with hackneyed tripe, i.e., "The Unknown Soldier and His Wife"? [RAMPARTS, July 1967]. It seems to be the mode to write intentionally pretentious plays or poems on war. I hope you do not intend to use such stuff whenever your article writers fail to come through with something significant.

GENE PAULS
Chicago, Illinois

Opinion:

SWINGING AMERICA

by Andrew Kopkind

"THOSE THAT DID NOT live before the Revolution will never know how sweet life is, Talleyrand said, and perhaps for such knowledge there is a desperate sweetness as the disaster spreads in this summer of the American crack-up. *Sergeant Pepper* blares from ten million phonographs, they're feeding the bears in Yellowstone Park, and the odor of barbecue wafting over the suburbs is suddenly mixed with the fragrance of pot. Hear it, see it, smell it while there is still time. For although there will be no revolution in the ordinary sense, the quality of life in the society—the values, expectations, perceptions—is radically changing. Things are not likely to be so sweet again.

For people who have difficulty seeing it all clearly, the gods have created a ghastly metaphor in the disaster of the USS Forrestal. That mighty engine of war, that marvel of technology, that brilliantly organized institution exploded and burned, not from enemy attack but from its own mundane malfunction. As an airplane prepared to take off for North Vietnam on a bombing mission, fire from its jet afterburner ignited a missile on a nearby plane. Then its fuel tank exploded, and a chain reaction of explosions was set in motion. We have been accustomed to think about America as the same kind of invulnerable fortress of power and technique. It is a tightly run ship, flexible when necessary, but always under control. If bugs develop, they can be worked out: if attack threatens, it can be resisted.

But now the bombs are bursting and the flames are shooting. The well-laid plans cannot be followed; the fail-safes fail. The technological marvels have only limited value, if that: perhaps they do more harm than good. Above all, the

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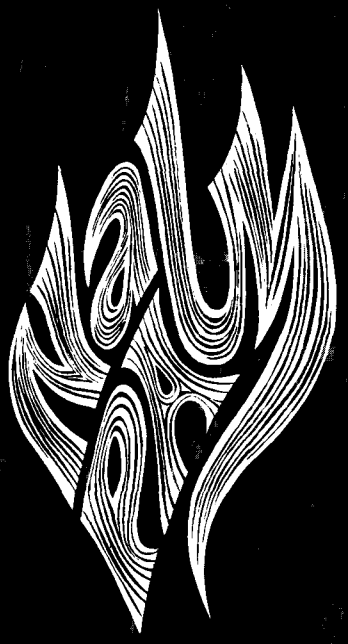

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institution is vulnerable to its own internal snafus. One blast can set off a chain reaction destroying the whole system.

It is always hard to describe the moment of failure from the inside, and harder still to see what led to it. The crack-up is terribly complex. For 20 years, the arrangement of the American system worked well enough to maintain control. Classes were roughly balanced, status was generously apportioned and demands for mobility were generally satisfied. The ideology of liberal corporatism, which is another way of saying "the American way of life," was neatly developed by established intellectuals like Stevenson and Schlesinger, and diffused by any number of agents—from the CIA to the New York Times, the universities and the massive corporations. Resistance was unsubtly crushed by the anti-communist purges of the late '40s and McCarthyism in the early '50s. After that the methods were subtler. It was clear sailing, or so it seemed.

The first problems, however, were noticed almost as soon as the process of consolidation began. Cracks were discovered in the picture window of middle-class life: it was somehow not the utopia everyone had predicted. In the early days, the trouble was called phoniness (by J. D. Salinger), or other-directedness (by David Riesman), or status-seeking, or apathy. Now the terms are powerlessness and alienation, but the idea is the same: ordinary people are helpless to find expression or achieve participation in the huge governmental and corporate bureaucracies which control their lives.

The system was still working well enough to make protest seem unreasonable. For instance, students in the '50s may not have been entirely happy about what was in store for them, but they were compliant and "silent." They slipped easily into the Army and into IBM because there were no obvious alternatives. It was best to be cool.

The next problem was not so easy to ignore. For 300 years, black people had been slaves, or as good as slaves, in the U.S. They neither demanded liberation nor were granted it. All of a sudden they were in the streets—boycotting the bus lines in Montgomery, Alabama in 1956, and sitting-in and freedom-riding through the South a few years later. They were pushed both by the force of world-wide anti-colonialism (the U.S. Negro movement coincided exactly with the African experience) and the vast discrepancy between the promise of American life and its reality for the huge underclass of the poor. Whites were victimized too, but Negroes had a heightened consciousness of their position in a racist country.

The example of a whole class of people aroused and marching to protest their powerlessness energized a new generation of white students—and later their elders—to do the same. In his brief years, John Kennedy tried to use that new spirit by employing its compelling rhetoric. Lyndon Johnson may have toyed with the idea of emulating his predecessor, but he never got very far. For one thing, he did not have the foggiest idea of what it was all about, and for another, he had to act in a number of ways to deny the legitimacy of the best rhetorical figures. His answer to the Peace Corps was a 500,000-man "War Corps" in Vietnam and a smaller battalion in the Dominican Republic. He originally proclaimed the doctrine of community action and the "participation of the poor" (according to a script written by Kennedy men), but conveniently forgot it all when his larger political interests were threatened. At length, the sense of impotence throughout the whole society grew so strong, and the sense of imminent disaster became so overpowering, that the revolt of the "slaves" began.

It has come to a head, although hardly a conclusion, this summer with the urban insurrections. But what is most startling is the complete failure of the collective leadership—the politicians, the bureaucrats, the corporate managers, the liberal elites—to save the system. What appeared two years ago to be the most successful state power structure in history, turns out to be a paper tiger. There is neither resiliency nor determination, and no genius at all. The old intellectuals have been discredited by the CIA disclosures, by the irrelevance of their anti-communist doctrine, and by the failure of their strategies for reform to coincide with the realities of power. The politicians have been discredited simply because their solutions have failed to meet society's most distressing problems: imperialism, war, racism, poverty.

There is certainly nothing new about such failure. Systems fail, crises arise, and changes—often violent—are made. How violent America's change will be is uncertain, but it is perhaps foreshad-

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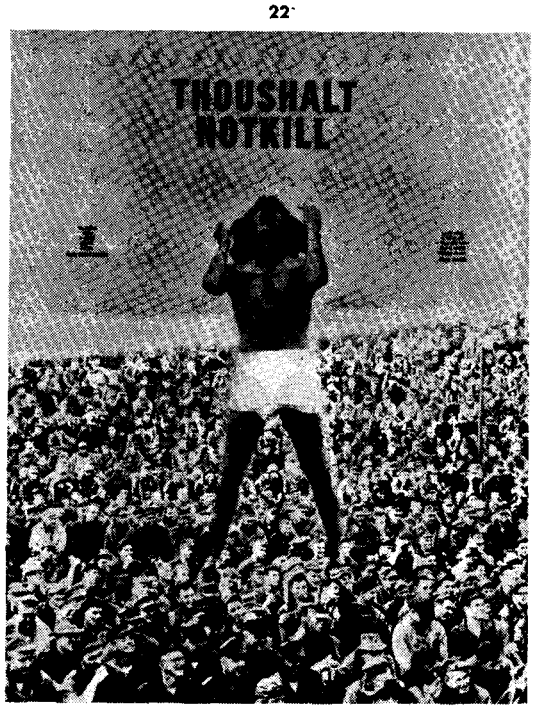

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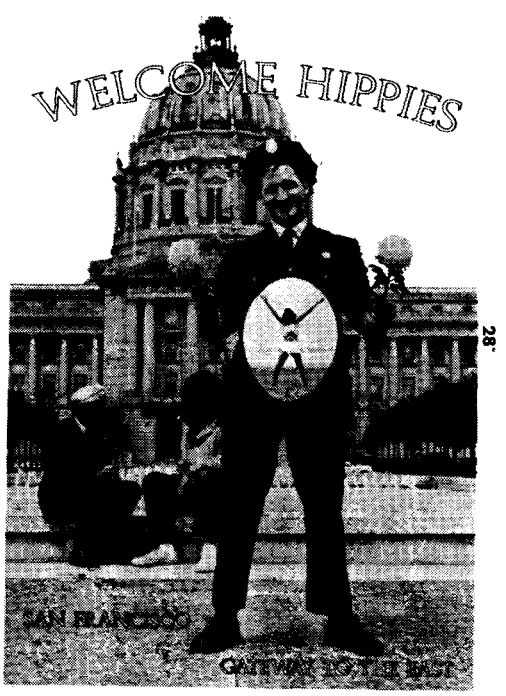

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owed by the summer's events. In Los Angeles, during the demonstrations against President Johnson at the Century Plaza Hotel, whites fought back against police for the first time since the labor wars of the last era. The black uprisings are among the bloodiest civil conflicts in the nation's history. Already cities have been occupied "preventively" by troops, and civil liberties have been suspended (in Memphis and Philadelphia, respectively) before riots began. It is not unlikely that in the next months or years vast urban areas will be under long-term military rule.

There is really no way of knowing where it will lead. No one could have seen the end of the chain-reaction on the Forrestal when the first missile exploded. What is clear, however, is that there is a tremendous amount of energy left in America, even if there is little at the top. This is not the Rome of the barbarians, nor Britain at the end of empire. If there is greatness here, it consists of that intense vitality and sense of purpose. In lots of ways, America is swinging.

Mr. Kopkind, Washington correspondent for the New Statesman, originally wrote this essay for a British audience. The editors felt the column, which appeared in the New Statesman, should have an American airing.

The Military:

THE DESERTERS

by Thomas R. Bransten

"Buster," "U" and another man, "T," are three Americans in their late teens and early twenties. "Buster" is city-bred; his father drives a beer truck. "U" comes from a Virginia farm. All I know of "T" is that he's black and that his tall, powerful build makes him conspicuous. "Buster" I have met face to face. During my session with the three, he and I sat in the same room. "U" and "T" stayed in an adjoining room so that I would not see them.

From the way "U" spoke, I took him to have had a year or so of college. "Buster" and "T" were too obviously products of the system of non-education which the usual American high school metes out to those not destined for college. They murdered the English language, and what little cultural information they possessed appeared to have been acquired on their own, through recent exposure to foreign languages. Here in Europe, where even grammar school seniors know sentence structure and some history, such poor speech and cultural ignorance stand out even more appallingly.

Three young Americans with backgrounds ranging from lower middle to lower working class. At first glance quite ordinary, unremarkable. Far less remarkable than the college students and intellectuals, generally of wealthier, more sophisticated origin, who emigrate to Canada and Europe to avoid the draft, or who participate at home in collective protest against the war in Vietnam. But "Buster," "U" and "T" have laid it on the line for Vietnam.

Specifically, they are political deserters. They left the Army because they didn't want to go to Vietnam to fight. In this, they differ from the ordinary run of absentees that any military organization puts up with. Last year, approximately 700 men bugged out on the Army in Europe. Some 630 of these left out of resentment over mean sergeants, the rigors of field maneuvers, monotonous food, or because the eternal woman called them to the glittering continental cities. Most of these eventually found their way back to barracks, were, after close questioning, classified Absent Without Leave (AWOL) and given a far milder punishment than that levied on true deserters. The military abhors desertion and especially the political variety, with its attendant potential for scandal. It leans over backwards to "save" a wandering GI from classification in this category.

"Buster," "U" and "T," along with an estimated 70 others in 1966, and over 100 more in the first five months of this year, have gone over the hill because of Vietnam. So they fall unquestionably in a category of political defiance against government and military policy. Most of the deserters left while under orders or the imminent threat of orders to Vietnam. This makes their situation all the more dangerous, as desertion under orders is the worst type of this most serious of offenses against the military and can add years to the jail sentence.

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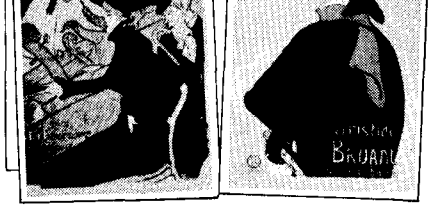

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OWING TO THE DANGERS they face, our interview had to be held under cloak-and-dagger circumstances. On a fine summer's evening in the bustling center of a large city "somewhere in western Europe," the ritual we went through seemed to me out of place, corny. But then I don't risk hounding and a ten-year jail sentence. Some western European nations, either non-NATO members or disenchanted with American policy in Vietnam, are prepared to tolerate American political deserters on their soil, provided this unofficial acquiescence isn't publicized and the deserters themselves refrain from public political action. As will be seen, the policies of such countries towards these men is touchy and subject to instant change. Naming locations could be fatal to their chances for asylum.

I went to a well-known cafe near the center of town. In front of me on the table, I laid the issue of RAMPARTS featuring on its cover Sergeant Duncan's "I Quit" story. A girl introducing herself as "Lilian" sat down beside me. I identified myself. She led me on a 15-minute walk through busy avenues and narrow side streets to a private apartment, a modest fourth floor walk-up. I studied "Lilian" during our walk because her appearance, by its very ordinariness, surprised me. She said she was a student.

Ten minutes later, "Buster," who had previously participated in a European television film on desertion and was thus "compromised," came in. His two companions, along with a man named "Jones," one of the organizers of the European network, settled themselves in the kitchen from which a door led out of the apartment.

And we began, the invisible "Jones" ruling on each question as to whether or not it should be answered. As he explained, this was not to control the statements of the men politically (the discussion was quite free despite formalities), but to protect them from inadvertently identifying themselves or saying things that in print could worsen the cases against them if caught. When the session was over, the three left the apartment separately at one minute intervals. On the street, the second man to leave was to keep the first under observation, the third to watch the second. This old resistance trick was to avoid repetition of a mysterious incident in Switzerland in which two deserters were picked up from a city street by unidentified men in a car and hustled over the West German frontier where they were delivered to U.S. military police.

According to "Jones," the three men were a good middling cross-section of the estimated 180-225 political fugitives from the military that his organization had helped or was currently helping. He said: "We have extremists on both ends of the political scale. Those who talk about fighting alongside the Viet Cong, and others who are very uncertain about what they've done, who may give themselves up and say they're sorry. We even have one or two men we suspect might be CIA agents!"

"Buster," "T" and "U," he said, were "typical" in that they took no extreme position. They just didn't want to get shot and possibly killed for a cause they felt to be both irrelevant to their lives and fundamentally wrong.

Of the three, "Buster" was the most committed and, his uncertain use of English notwithstanding, the most articulate. Whereas the deserter network briefs its people not to be heroes if caught, not to stand on principle but to give the Army an apolitical story that might reduce the charges from desertion to AWOL, "Buster" declared that if apprehended, he would stand on his position and tell the Army what he felt about Vietnam. "This is my contribution. Where one person fights for something he believes in, he can really help out."

All three expressed their regret, understandable under the circumstances, of ever having come in contact with the Army. The men said that today, they would refuse to join, and that if they had to do it again, they would desert again. "Buster," the only one of the three more or less forced into service, even commented that he now regretted not having chosen the jail sentence.

In contrast to "Buster," "T" had enlisted in the Army. "I didn't know what the Army was, what it was like," he said. "Everything about the Army was okay with me until about a year ago when I learned what they was trying to do. I didn't object to anything in the Army. But I didn't like being used." The idea of being sent to Vietnam worked on him because as a Negro, he didn't want to fight non-whites in what he felt was a colored peoples' struggle for freedom. "T" said he had always disapproved of the war in Vietnam, even when he was thinking of making the Army his career. "No Negro I ever met in the Army wanted to go to Vietnam." Why? "Well, man, like they didn't feel it was their war. They had no reason to go there at all." Did "T's" position put him in sympathy with communist aims and ideals? "I'm not a communist for thinking the black people should stay at home and solve their problems at home in the States rather than go shooting people in Vietnam who want to build up their own country."

To these comments should be added a statement from another deserter, former Specialist Fifth Class "Anderson" who went over the hill with "Buster." When interviewed, on a separate occasion, "Anderson" said he personally had known "quite a few soldiers in the Army that would leave if they just knew they had some place to go or knew they had a small amount of security. But they just don't know this." He and "Buster" and "U" left because they had read pamphlets indicating there were organizations to help them. "T" on the other hand says he "just left. I didn't know of

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any network to help deserters."

"Buster" and "Anderson" headed for Amsterdam where the latter had been before and where he thought they might make friends. They had no money. They hitchhiked across Germany eating at American military canteens as they went. "We were just assumed to be soldiers on vacation," said "Anderson." He told a vivid story:

"I knew a few addresses in Amsterdam because I'd been there on vacation. But when we got there, I couldn't find any of these places. It was terribly cold, we was hungry as—almost starving. So we went to the train station and while we was there we met some beatniks, provos in Amsterdam. They asked us where we were going, did we have anywhere to stay? We told them no. They ask us whether we was deserters and at first I said no but 'Buster' say 'yes, we are,' and so they say 'well, we know a place—where you can go to and they take care of you tonight.' And we went and . . . they arrange a place for us to stay and eat until they can help us and it was pretty well taken care of."

An instinctive understanding links the deserters with young Europeans at odds with their own societies. Those who help the Americans are mostly their contemporaries and a solidarity of generations comes into play. Whatever the psychology, the result is increased awareness of politics and political curiosity on the part of the American fugitives. Their disaffection becomes rapidly more generalized than that which produced their original unwillingness to fight in Vietnam. They begin to question "truths" that in their modest home environments were gospel.

The network does everything to further the deserters' political orientation. "Buster," for instance, is housed with a Vietnamese family, an anti-American war family, of course. He discusses Vietnam with these people. They have made it real to him, not just a faraway place to avoid getting killed in, but a land of flesh-and-blood individuals. Perhaps he's being fed propaganda. But he's also getting facts, being made to read and think on his own about Vietnam, about what it all means. The Army, which no longer seems to go in for the "why we fight" type of indoctrination, left him in total ignorance on the subject. "Buster," his two companions concurring in what he said, told me: "I wouldn't have deserted in World War II. I would have been glad to fight Hitler. This situation is different. The people over in Vietnam aren't out to conquer the world. They're trying to free and build up their country and this war's wrong. We're on the wrong side."

THERE IS A WIDESPREAD loose-knit network of Europeans and some Americans, ranging from Quakers and pacifists, through the provos to avowed Marxist-Leninists. The groups distribute leaflets, urge the military to question the Vietnam war, receive deserters and, once having ascertained that their motives are truly political, smuggle them across frontiers to settle them with or without papers in whatever country they can.

The whole thing really started in England back in 1961, when Michael Rendle, a teacher, and two printers, Pat Pottle and Terry Chandler, were thrown in jail for a year under the British Official Secrets Act. On behalf of the Bertrand Russell Committee of One Hundred against nuclear warfare, they had helped organize a massive demonstration scheduled for inside the Strategic Air Command's nuclear bomber base at Wethersfield, near London. The demonstration never came off, the organizers having been arrested "preventively." But last summer, Rendle, Pottle and Chandler went back to Wethersfield. They managed to get onto the base and distribute leaflets, among them a photostat facsimile of a one dollar bill, which under the legend "In God We Trust," asks the question: "Is this worth the slaughter in Vietnam?" The three took the Americans by surprise. An MP sergeant tried to grab Rendle's leaflets saying, "I'm confiscating these." Rendle, firmly hanging onto the papers but keeping his cool, replied: "I don't think you're allowed to do that." The sergeant left, called the local police who, after some discussion, reluctantly showed up and most politely escorted the demonstrators off the base saying, "Please go now. These Americans are very upset."

The Committee of One Hundred and other groups in Britain gave the impetus to a Europe-wide anti-Vietnam war campaign. Early on they helped American conscientious objectors and draft dodgers. They suffered, are still suffering, persecution for their activities. Because of the dollar bill leaflet, Chandler, who printed it up, is currently

"They laughed when I wound up my shaver..."

That's liable to happen to you when you first use the RIVIERA in front of anyone. A wind-up shaver may **seem** a plaything. Or at best an emergency type of shaver (because it needs no cords or batteries). After all, how can a hand-cranked shaver rotate fast enough to do a clean and close job? And how many times do you have to wind the darn thing to finish one shave?

One answer at a time: The three-blade shaving head revolves at such a fast clip that it actually gives you **seventy-two thousand cutting strokes a minute!** Compare that to your $30 TurboDeluxe. Now, about the winding. The palm-shaped body of the RIVIERA (named for its birthplace, Monte Carlo) is filled with a huge mainspring made of the same Swedish super steel used in the most expensive watch movements. You crank the key just like a movie camera (about six turns) and the RIVIERA shaves and shaves and shaves. From ear to ear; from nose to neck, without slowing down. Maintains its full shaving speed right to the end—and long enough to do the complete job. Hard to believe, but really true.

A few more details: The surgical steel blades are so designed that they are continuously self-sharpening. You will find that the more you use the RIVIERA the sharper and the better it gets. The guard is so unbelievably thin (5/100 of a millimeter) that pressure is unnecessary. You just touch the shaver on your face and gently guide it in circular motions.

We could go on. But we don't expect to sell you with words. We just want to get you open-minded enough to tie up $19 for two weeks. We'll give you that long to put the RIVIERA to the test. If it disappoints you (if you want to return it for **any** reason), send it back. Your money will be in the return mail. Obviously, we have reason to believe that this won't happen and that you will want to keep your RIVIERA for the office, club, cabin or in a permanent place in your bathroom cabinet. It's that kind of a thing. Once you've tried it you won't let it go.

P.S. You not only save the cost of an electric motor, but you save the cost of repairing it. The money that it leaves in your pocket; the dependability; the good, fast, clean shaves that you'll get—they'll give **you** the last laugh.

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Phone: (415) 981-5688

☐ Send me the RIVIERA shaver. I enclose $19.50 ($18.50 plus $1 for post. & ins.). I may return it within two weeks if not amazed and delighted. 1 yr. guarantee for parts and workmanship. (Calif. residents add 5%).

☐ Bill Amer. Exp. Acct. #_____

Name_____

Address_____

_____Zip_____

☐ Since the RIVIERA is an ideal gift, especially for servicemen, outdoorsmen and travelers please send one to the names attached (with a gift card).

Haverhill's

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under threat of jail for forgery. He turned out about 100,000 of these facsimiles. They are on photographic paper and wouldn't deceive a five-year-old as to their authenticity. He sent some 10,000 to American friends for distribution in the United States. The FBI seized these and instigated the British to do the same. However, the British returned the leaflets to Chandler as legitimate political tracts. The FBI insisted and in April of this year, the police again descended on Chandler, seized the bills and this time charged him on five counts of forgery. They threw him in jail for a month, then released him on 3600 pounds ($10,080) bail. His trial will come up in the fall. The chief witness against him: an American treasury official.

Although some of the most dedicated, jail-tested, anti-Vietnam war people are active in Britain, the bulk of deserters come from the Army in West Germany. This is because the American troops in Europe outside Germany are mainly Navy and Air Force or, if Army, senior career technicians. It is among draftees and the young regulars who went in because they had nothing at home that the bulk of deserters are recruited.

The hub of the desertion network is Amsterdam. Not only is it the home of provos and a politically militant, anti-war student movement, but it is widely known to the troops as a "fun town." Its red light district is extensive, legal, moderately priced. On weekends, the GI's from Germany flock in. Nowadays, they are met at the station by students who harangue them on Vietnam and pass out leaflets. By the time they head back to base, their weekend of quickie sex has been set in a matrix of politics.

A FRENCH MOVIEMAKER named Jean Zoller has made two films on the deserter problem. One is the interview with "Buster," "Anderson," and a conscientious objector called "David." Zoller's films have been shown by the major European television networks where they've caused quite a stir. CBS, NBC, ABC and Canadian Broadcasting (CBC) all approached Zoller for trans-Atlantic film rights. CBS and CBC quoted prices and mentioned dates for showing. The sales to these networks were all but complete when vetoes came from the home offices. They wanted nothing to do with the deserter story. They took the line that to tell or show the story was equivalent to encouraging desertion. Result: blackout for Zoller in North America; at least to this date, the press has taken the same position.

The Army itself takes the view that to ignore the political deserters is the best way to deal with them. Out of the 700 reported absences in 1966, only 13 were prosecuted for actual desertion. It would be relatively easy to track down many deserters as their foreignness is bound to stand out wherever they go in Europe. But the military seem to be laying off. The Army in Europe is already worried about low troop morale in Vietnam.

Official attitudes of the European countries towards the deserters vary considerably. In West Germany and Britain, the police arrest them and hand them at once to the American military. The Dutch are more equivocal but consider themselves obliged to cooperate with the Americans, owing to their support of the NATO treaty, a clause of which says all member countries will turn military deserters of member nations over to the appropriate authorities. Through NATO, American military police are allowed to accompany local police on their rounds through the station area and red light quarter of Amsterdam. A deserter can't stay long in Holland. The Dutch police have recently begun encouraging the Amsterdam underworld to spy on provos and students, waylay them, beat them up and inform on any suspicious Americans.

Neutral Switzerland would seem an obvious place for the deserters. But local Swiss authorities have turned back apprehended deserters to the German border police, who immediately hand them to the Americans.

Deserters can always head for the communist countries, especially East Germany, which has declared itself ready to receive them. There are ten of them known to be living in Yugoslavia. Radio East Berlin periodically broadcasts a list of their names and transmits messages from friends and family.

About four months ago, an American soldier named Armstrong, serving with the U.S. forces in Germany, was persuaded to desert—probably by a leaflet secretly distributed among U.S. servicemen by the German provos. Armstrong was conducted by the provo underground movement into Amsterdam, and from there it was decided to send him to Paris where a lawyer would be found for him.

When Armstrong arrived in Paris, his lawyer wrote to Foreign Minister Couvé de Murville, explaining that he represented a U.S. soldier, who was a deserter from Germany. The lawyer requested the foreign minister to grant Armstrong a visa which would enable him to stay in France—although, according to the NATO agreement, France is obligated to turn him over to U.S. military authorities. The lawyer said that if de Murville would not grant the visa, then he would turn Armstrong over to him. For three months the foreign minister did not answer the attorney's letter.

About two months ago, Armstrong was arrested at night in a Paris street—he was without passport, identification or money. He stayed one day in jail—then his lawyer informed Jean-Paul Sartre, Professor Schwarz (Nobel Peace Prize winner) and other French intellectuals opposed to the war in Vietnam. These men wrote to the foreign minister and said that Armstrong could live in their houses and have their money.

After two days, Couvé de Murville wrote a letter to Armstrong's lawyer advising him that he would have a visa delivered to Armstrong.

What of the people who form the hard core of the deserter network? "Jones," who says he has a living to earn and a family to support, told me he spends an average of eight hours a day working on the deserters' behalf. Why does he do it? "I was approached last year when things were just getting started. I had been active in various campaigns against the Vietnam war. I agreed to help in one case and that led to deeper involvement. As the number of deserters grew, some of us felt we couldn't pull out and leave them in the lurch. Because we had signed leaflets encouraging such acts, we felt we had to be consistent with our help for those who had made the big decision."

I asked "Jones" whether Americans aiding and abetting political deserters from the Vietnam war might not be, when all was said and done, committing treason, no matter what the motivation. His answer: "I don't think it's treason. Treason to my mind means something evil, something against the interests of one's country. Sometimes people have to take a moral stand. Sometimes, and I think helping those who refuse to fight in Vietnam is a case in point, one's moral obligations must outweigh and stand above the obligation to be strictly legal."

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Mercenary soldier, 14 years' military service, available for position immediately. Qualifications: 101st Abn. Division, WWII; master parachutist, 911 logged jumps including 695 free-falls; ex-lieutenant and ex-sergeant U.S. Army; operated in 4 countries in SE Asia and 2 in Africa; experienced in use of U.S. weapons, demolitions, sabotage, infiltration; specialty is training and directing "hunter-killer" teams; 23 months of jungle (cont'd.)

Photograph by Stan Ciccone

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operations in and out of Vietnam. Willing to organize and/or direct insurgency or counterinsurgency teams, whichever is appropriate to non-CIA supported employer. References can be checked with U.S. Army, U.S. Special Forces, CIA, and 5 Commando (Congo). Other talents by confidential inquiry only. Absolute loyalty guaranteed to highest bidder. Contact: Ted B. Braden, Box 711, 301 Broadway, San Francisco.

A JOKE? NO. THERE IS A TED B. BRADEN and he is looking for a job. I first met him in Vietnam in February 1965 on Project Delta [RAMPARTS, February 1966]. We were planning a prisoner rescue operation utilizing HALO parachuting techniques (high altitude, low opening —free-falling from high altitude and pulling low). Braden was almost a pioneer of the form and was recruited to help bring at least two Vietnamese to some level of expertise for the mission.

Project Delta was formed by the Special Forces in May 1964 to infiltrate teams into Laos. Later it took on a "hunter-killer" team aspect—six eight-man teams penetrating NLF strongholds by air. Still later it expanded to include "Omega" teams for infiltrating Cambodia. The teams are led by U.S. NCO's with another U.S. NCO as assistant. The remainder on the teams are ethnic Vietnamese, Nung, Montagnards, Cambodians, Lao, Thai, or any combination thereof. The project, although made up of Special Forces, works closely with the CIA and normally receives its operations orders through MACV-J2 (Military Assistance Command Vietnam; J2 stands for intelligence). Because of the uniqueness of the project, men who have served with it are often called upon to use their experience to organize and train other strange outfits. For instance, some are now in Thailand running forays into Laos and the western border of Cambodia.

Braden is among those professionals who appear to have a secret death wish, coupled with well-trained instincts for survival. He continually places himself in unnecessary danger but always manages to get away with it. At one time he was forbidden to free-fall for violating safety regulations. The rules state a jumper must pull and be in the saddle before he reaches 2000 feet. Braden makes a habit of waiting until he is well below 1000 feet. Falling at 174 feet a second, if his main chute malfunctioned and he pulled his reserve, he would have to run the last hundred feet to get it open. With no safety restrictions on jumping in Vietnam, he had a ball. Similarly, on operations deep in NLF territory, he wandered away from his team on at least two occasions, the better to seek trouble.

He also shares the cynicism common to the professional soldier in Vietnam. Idealism makes him uncomfortable and, like the rest, he gives it lip-service only for public consumption. Braden is a heavy drinker, but it doesn't seem to affect his physical condition and seldom does he ever get drunk enough to lose self-control. When he does, the veneer of civility vanishes, exposing a streak of cruelty and a very unpleasant core.

About the time I left Vietnam, Special Forces loaned Braden to the CIA for their SOG project (Special Operations Group—a name so obvious that the CIA changed it to Studies and Observation Group). SOG drops "long range" teams into North Vietnam (OP-34), as well as Laos. Most of these have been remarkable for their lack of success. OP-35—"Shining Brass," Braden's group—was more successful. Most of this group's operations are short-range jaunts into Laos and North Vietnam. As in Project Delta, the teams are led by U.S. personnel, usually Special Forces types like Braden. In addition to the "hunter-killer" type mission, the teams also tap telephone lines. One method is to steal an insulator, bring it back and rebuild it with a voice activating bug. They also plant seismographic listening devices along trails to record traffic. In Laos the teams are often sent to call in air strikes on villages and trails. Other times in Laos they approach a team member's old village for the purpose of bribing the villagers to set up future in-country bases for longer range operations—this is called "asset establishment" in CIA parlance. The list of former Special Forces officers and NCO's who have been with SOG is like an all-star lineup. It includes people like Colonel Bull Simons, Colonel Ray Call and Major Thorne. The latter, known as Captain Korne of Robin Moore's *The Green Berets*, was killed in Laos on an SOG operation.

TED BRADEN spent 23 consecutive months in Vietnam on this type of work, which may be some kind of endurance record for a field operator. But for his type, the field didn't offer enough risks; he "played the margin" in town as well. He was continuously involved in shady deals to make money—a commodity, for him, always in short supply. At one time he was also under suspicion of murder. The victim was a Vietnamese soldier—and Braden especially despised ARVN men. It was probably to his advantage to be working for the Agency at the time; otherwise the press might have picked it up, thus forcing a public court-martial.

Braden has a penchant for asking incredible favors of people, whether they be short or long term acquaintances. On what started out to be a normal day at RAMPARTS' offices, he walked in with a "Dunc, old buddy . . ." to ask for help. He blithely explained he was looking for a new mercenary group to join, and could I help tide him over?

I hadn't seen Braden for two years and assumed he was still in Special Forces. In catching me up with how he came to be discharged, the following story unfolded. I found it fascinating, since at the time Washington officials were trying to explain why C-130's had been dispatched to the Congo—the old wheeze about protecting U.S. citizens. They stated the planes

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would not be used for combat operations. There were also allusions to a communist threat in the Congo. The U.S. citizens turned out to be State Department and CIA personnel, at least one of the planes was used for combat operations, and of the nationalities involved none was communist.

Braden's story gives an insight into the political Pandora's box called the Republic of the Congo and our sub-rosa relationship with Rhodesia and South Africa. There is no shortage of Ted B. Bradens in the world, including this country. We are training them in ever increasing numbers.

The similarities between Braden and the arch-prototype of the modern mercenary, Germany's infamous Kongo-Müller, are many. They can laugh about the most gruesome things; both display an obvious *machismo* syndrome; they share the habit of using their well-manicured hands in little gestures which detract attention from their eyes. There is also at least one difference: Braden is not embarrassed by the word "mercenary" and doesn't require a rationale of super anti-communism to justify his line of work. Müller, on the other hand, likes to think of himself as a paid volunteer in the service of the Western world to save it from Bolshevism. Considering who's fighting whom, it's a specious description.

The 5 Commando mercenaries referred to were disbanded earlier this year. It is elements from 6 Commando that make up the "rebel" mercenaries with the notorious Colonel Schramme. The story is Ted B. Braden's and is not presented as an endorsement. But it is an important story because it shows that America's involvement in Vietnam-type wars produces the mercenary mentality, typified by Ted Braden.

—Don Duncan

by Ted B. Braden

THE THREE OF US walked from the jeep to the hotel entrance. We entered the dim hallway and walked to the elevator at the back on the right side. Colonel Peters, the Congo mercenary commander, led the way and his sergeant-major walked behind me. The moment we stopped four men pointed pistols at me. American agent identification was flashed. "We have reason to believe you are Ted B. Braden, wanted by the American government for desertion from the Army." I was in the bottle.

The colonel, my boss, who had led me into the trap, apologized and said, "If I had the choice you would stay here and go on with the project but I don't have the choice." He didn't have to, but he explained he had been ordered from high up in the Mobutu regime to turn me over to the CIA. One of the gun-toters was CIA agent Charley Renshaw. With him was a CID (U.S. Military Criminal Investigation Division) agent and a CIC (Counter-Intelligence Corps) agent. Somebody up above wanted me back in a bad way.

The agents had the run of the hotel, the Ahladeff Arms. I was taken to Room 13 where I was photographed in my 5 Commando uniform from every angle. Then I was stripped, thoroughly searched and chained to the bed. They gave me a pair of old Levis to cover their embarrassment. It was pointless to deny who I was; they had the bag I left in Johannesburg with my official passport and other personal papers. For three and a half days I was subjected to intensive psychological interrogation. Why did you desert from Vietnam? What are the names of everyone you've talked to? What did you tell them? Did foreign agents contact you? Finally it was over and, foolishly or not, I signed a transcript. I really had little choice since in the Congo the Agency holds the power of life and death. I was to stay chained in Room 13 for another three days.

One morning, on a moment's notice, I was given an agent's red shirt, my civilian shoes and hustled out the rear of the Ahladeff Arms into a waiting gray sedan. We started for the airport, but took the back route to the CIA terminal where I was locked in the communications shack. Two hours later I was again rushed into a car. A C-130 taxied from the terminal. With an able assist from the agents, I was out of the car, up the ramp and into the plane—all unnoticed by anyone at the terminal. I was chained to a stanchion and we were in the air on the first leg of my return to the U.S.A.

A waiting sedan whisked me to the Fort Dix stockade where I was to spend the next 123 days and 14 hours in solitary confinement. It was finally decided that a court-martial would accomplish little and all interests could best be served by getting rid of me. After first having made me sign a sworn statement that I would not divulge the information I have about CIA and Special Forces operations in Southeast Asia, I was given a discharge under honorable conditions. For this I am supposed to be eternally grateful. Big deal.

I WAS AT THE CARAVELLE BAR in Saigon when I first heard they were hiring white mercenaries in Africa. Christmas 1966 was four days away. I'd been in Vietnam 23 months, had worked with some good men, enjoyed my share of women, probably drank more than my share of good liquor and had done interesting work. But I was fed up. It wasn't the work—leading a small group in the jungle on the prowl to find other men is what I enjoy and do best. In part it was hassling with chair-bound commandos in Saigon, empire builders, bureaucratic bunglers and incompetent Vietnamese officers and officials.

But mostly it was money. I was getting older but no richer. I was in the business of hunting people and, when necessary—and sometimes when it wasn't—of killing them. That's all right, but it's risky and very often dirty, sweaty work. Like I say, it's a business, but the ones making the good money were the Agency boys in their air-conditioned offices in Saigon on Tran Vang Dau Street. Only on loan to the CIA, not "one of the boys," I was drawing pay as a sergeant first class. I like the first class thing—but it's not possible on $800 a month. This meant I had to spend much of my time working the black market and the piastre exchange to turn a buck.

However, the mercenaries, I was told, made at least twice as much (more for an officer) with even better opportunities to make a dollar on the side. I was already a mercenary, but a poorly paid one. Like those in Special Forces who have volunteered for their fourth and fifth tours in Vietnam, I didn't extend my tour for glory, honor, country—only for money. I didn't know who or why the mercenaries were fighting, but that's of little consequence to a professional.

Getting from Vietnam to the States was unbelievably easy. Then, after balling it up over Christmas and New Year's, I departed Miami International and arrived in London on January 7. A short visit with friends and it was off to Belgium on the nine p.m. boat train from Victoria Station. I had been told that recruiting was being conducted from the offices of the

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Union Minière du Haut Katanga (the Mining Union of High Katanga) in Brussels. As it turned out, the information was bad, but I was referred to an office where a man did some calling around and told me my best bet was Salisbury, Rhodesia.

I arrived in Salisbury on the 13th of January. I checked in at the rather classy Hotel Meikles, then proceeded to one of the three bars on the premises looking for information. I was trying to find a lead to Major Mike Hoare, a citizen of South Africa, the original commander of *de force Tshombe*, the white mercenaries now known as 5 and 6 Commando. 5 Commando is comprised of South Africans, Rhodesians, Englishmen, some Canadians and the odd American. 6 Commando in Kinshasa (Elizabethville) is made up primarily of Belgians, about 300, all airborne, who act as militia and palace guards for Mobutu.

In the bar I chanced upon Sis, the Scottish-born proprietor. I no more than made a tentative inquiry about the major when she openly announced, "Oh, you want to contact 5 Commando." Sis was only the first who not only didn't have qualms about discussing white mercenaries, but talked about them as casually as the weather.

She then proceeded to tell me that Major Hoare had retired and was living in Durban, South Africa, and that 5 Commando was now under one of his old officers, a Lieutenant Colonel John Peters. Bad news—the commando recruiter had left Salisbury two weeks before for Johannesburg and wasn't expected to return. Sis then put me on to one Ralph Hyder, who could be located at the Hotel Windsor bar.

He wasn't hard to find. A matter of following a loud voice from the street to its source in the bar—Ralph Hyder holding forth on Ralph Hyder—a clipped moustache which neither hid a mouthful of bad and missing teeth nor detracted from his mottled, boozy complexion. About 5 feet 10 inches and 200 pounds, he had a bulging gut and an overall flabby look. Not very encouraging but he was my only contact.

Two drinks later I cautiously approached the subject of 5 Commando. Caution was unnecessary. Hyder not only knew of it, he had been in it and welcomed the excuse to expound on his adventures in the Congo. He ended up telling me I shouldn't waste my time with 5 Commando but should get into a good organization—a new *de force Tshombe*. He gave the impression that the days of 5 Commando were numbered.

It took a little doing, but after three hours I was able to edge in my background and experience. At that point he made an open offer of recruitment. The money was right—I would make no less than $1600 a month. On subsequent trips to the Windsor Bar I discovered Ralph Hyder was only one of three people openly recruiting for *de force Tshombe* in Salisbury. Hyder seemed to be having better luck than the others, and I met five or six of his recruits, all with prior mercenary experience, in the following days.

AS TOLD BY HYDER and his *confrères*, the plan was to organize and train a force of airborne mercenaries—the training, ostensibly, to take place in Spain, probably near Barcelona—to take Katanga by force, kick out Joseph Mobutu and reestablish Moise Tshombe. At that very moment a man from Salisbury was supposedly in Paris picking up the money for the teams and for transportation to Spain. Hyder wanted me to stick around with those already recruited until the man returned. The others had agreed to wait, not caring much about which side they fought for, so long as the money was forthcoming. For that matter neither did I, but Ralph Hyder didn't fill me with confidence. I reserved my decision and used my time, and many drinks, to work from him the address of the main recruiting station for 5 Commando in Johannesburg.

From Saigon to Johannesburg I traveled and registered as Ted B. Braden. After I arrived and cleared through for Smuts International Airport in Johannesburg I became Joseph Edward Horner, Canadian citizen, born and raised in Windsor, Ontario. (Joseph Horner was a real person—a sergeant in Special Forces who was killed in 1965 at the SOG camp at Long Than when a round from a mortar he was firing exploded prematurely.)

I checked my bag at the downtown central terminal and took a cab directly to the Zygmersh Building at 37 Kruis Street in the center of the town. At office number 616 I found the Congolese office. I opened the door on what appeared to be a rather unclean, seedy, apparently disorganized office. Among carelessly stacked papers and cigar and cigarette butts strewn about the floor, lounged a half dozen men at desks in the process of having tea. I introduced myself to the short, paunchy individual pouring tea who in turn informed me he was First Lieutenant Denny Scherriff—the man I was looking for—chief recruiter for 5 Commando. Although he looked like a man who had once been in good shape, he was anything but impressive. I later learned he was dying of cancer.

I immediately asked if it were true that 5 Commando was actively recruiting. Yes, it was true. Then he immediately started firing questions at me. I held his interest with my Special Forces and Airborne experience and the questioning continued the following day. Much of it was of a technical nature, to make sure that at least part of my story wasn't a snowjob. Scherriff next explained a little of 5 Commando's operations—that they were preparing to move against a known rebel force north of Lake Tanganyika. If I was interested—I was—I could fill out the application forms and start processing the next day.

Photographs, forms, physical exam, my initial impression of lack of organization was quickly dissipated. 5 Commando's office might not come up to U.S. Army line-em-up, shine-em-up standards, but it was efficient and thorough. Everything was completed by late afternoon, and Denny Scherriff told me the next step was to meet him prior to midnight at Jan Smut's terminal for transport to the Congo.

THE AIRPORT THAT NIGHT looked like a scale version of Travis AFB. This was no clandestine move. By midnight there were over 100 mercenaries and a muster was held right in the terminal by 5 Commando officers and NCO's. Commercial travelers looked on with idle curiosity. By 3:30 a.m. our numbers were reduced to 87 and we started through customs. A word from Lieutenant Scherriff was all that was needed to let me through without a passport.

The gray and blue C-118 (four-engine) aircraft we boarded was without markings and was flown by English-speaking Belgians. We landed at Albertville at about 8:30 a.m. When I stepped off the plane I received quite a shock. The airport/hangar set-up looked all too familiar. I had traveled three quarters of the way around the world to get away from a CIA operation only to end up in the Congo in the middle of another one! It was like I'd never left home. The whole thing had "Agency" stamped all over it. Here, instead of calling it CAS

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or SOG or CSD or Air America, the euphemism was WIGMO —Western International Ground Maintenance Operations.

We were met by several 5 Commando officers well turned out in American-type tropical worsted uniforms with shoulder board epaulets, and brown berets with 5 Commando gold crests. While 5 Commando MP's controlled traffic, we were formed up in the rain and loaded aboard an assortment of American trucks. We were taken into Albertville—which consists mainly of one long street running along the harbor and railroad track—and billetted in an old colonial home overlooking the town.

The same afternoon we were taken downtown, where we were issued the Belgium Fabrique Nationale rifle with its standard 7.62 mm., NATO ammunition and our 5 Commando uniforms. After two days of placement interviews, I was marked for upgrading to officer rank pending completion of commando training and an observation period at Nakalisa Station.

During those periods when we weren't processing, we were restricted to our villa area with its floor pallets and mediocre food. The town was off limits—there had currently been some tension between WIGMO and 5 Commando. It seemed that a Major Jacques Cassidy and an agent from WIGMO had gotten into an argument in the Blue Moon Hotel over some amorous adventure, which ended with Jacques placing his 9 mm. between the agent's eyes and pulling the trigger, thereby correcting the latter's impression that Jacques was only kidding. The two groups were being kept apart, except for business, to forestall a blood feud. Later I was to find out there were other reasons for tension between the American Agency and the non-American 5 Commando.

Commando training—otherwise known as squad or small unit training—was conducted at Nakalisa Station. Training was a serious business and, even by U.S. Special Forces and Airborne/Ranger standards, strenuous. Forced marches and double timing at that altitude took a toll on the goldbricks and *pungee* (pot) smokers. *Pungees* were too relaxed and lackadaisical to be good soldiers. The cadres were from the Rhodesian Light Infantry and directed by Sergeant Major Cholly Berger—a real no-nonsense type. He would have been an outstanding soldier in anyone's army. With the exception of close order drill—which was on the British model—tactical training was identical in every respect with the U.S. Airborne light infantry manuals. I would have been quick to note any variation, but it was identical, even to weapons emplacement, fire and maneuver tactics, all straight from Fort Benning. I never inquired into procurement practices, but aside from the Belgian 7.62 rifle, our other weapons were of U.S. manufacture —60 mm. and 81 mm. mortars, 3.5 rocket launchers, trigger (hand held) mortars, etc.

It was impossible to generalize about my fellow trainees. They came in all sizes with varying levels of education, including one from as far away as McGill University in Montreal. They did, however, have certain things in common: many had served in at least one army of a recognized government, and regardless of level of intellect there wasn't one idealist in the group: they liked money and were willing to subject themselves to organizational discipline to get it.

It was explained that the purpose of this training was to launch an attack toward the Rienzi Valley after one more group of commandos was trained. Intelligence reports had it that 1800 rebels were holed up in this area and 5 Commando was to go in on a three-pronged search and destroy in the valley and wipe out every man, woman, child and dog. The realistic attitude of the commandos on these operations is, "if it's black, it's an enemy." There was a $10,000 (U.S.) reward for any caucasian or yellow brought in alive.

On the 21st day, the 45 of us who had survived the training were back in Albertville. A message was waiting for me to leave my group and to proceed to Kinshasa on the plane leaving in two days. Cholly Berger couldn't figure out why I was called in, and Captain Bozman was a little vague, making some reference to Colonel Peter's airborne troops, and issued me a 2nd dress uniform.

Passing time with other commandos in the Purple Cow Bar we were joined by a hulk of a man going by the name of Bull, jovial and likable, the type of man I would have liked to know better. I never got the chance. Bull, who was the chief of the local CIA complex, was killed the next day when the Land Rover which he was driving was rammed head on by a truck.

There was no secret in Albertville about the CIA complex over which the late Bull presided. It included intelligence agents, an elaborate communications network and WIGMO, the air operation. At the airport an assortment of nationals was supervised by American WIGMO types, who were much in evidence as they bustled from place to place with their clipboards. Initially, financing for WIGMO was directly from the CIA; now the money is first routed through the Congo government machinery to make it appear that the Congolese are running their own country.

In addition to the C-118 which had brought me to Albertville, WIGMO/5 Commando also had an assortment of C-46 and C-47 transports, Skyraider fighter-bombers and B-26 bombers. The latter were flown by Cuban nationals left over from the Bay of Pigs exercise. They were reminiscent of our "Cowboy" pilots with Project Delta in Vietnam, down to and including affecting strange costumes and low slung holsters. Real hotshots. I have learned most of these have since left the Congo. It might be interesting to find out what country they're flying in now. I was told by those working there that they once had five C-130s but they and their crews were needed to make up losses in Vietnam.

When we arrived at the Kinshasa Airport, instead of stopping at the main terminal we taxied the length of the strip to the CIA hangar. Here they didn't bother with euphemisms. It not only was the CIA hangar, they called it that.

I had been pulled in to form a special 50-man airborne commando. Mobutu had given the authorization, and funds had been made available. I was to draw up a Program of Instruction, Table of Organization and Equipment and a Table of Distribution subject to Colonel Peters' approval. If I produced, I would be made the organization's executive officer under a British line captain.

WHILE THE NEXT SEVEN or eight days were busy ones, I still had ample time to walk around town and meet both civilians and my cohorts. It was a strange set-up: a black country, a black government and black rebels, and both sides were using white mercenaries. After having puzzled out the problem of deciding which to support, Mobutu or Tshombe, the CIA settled on Mobutu—an important decision since it's U.S. State Department and CIA money that decides who will have the govern-

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ment. Decisions affecting the country emanate from these sources either directly or indirectly through the government. The number of Americans in the Congo is very small, comprising for the most part Embassy and CIA employees. By contrast, the majority of whites in the area are Belgian businessmen, plantation owners and those from the now nationalized Union Minière, the Belgian cartel that controlled the wealth of Katanga, and therefore the Congo, in much the same way Standard Oil and United Fruit do in Latin America.

The Belgians aren't happy. Despite being the backbone of the business and professional community, they have lost their influence to the few with the moneybags. To make arrangements, to get something done, or to lodge a complaint they invariably have to see an American to get satisfaction. This is doubly galling since Mobutu has refused to un- or de-nationalize Union Minière from which all bounty flows. Because the U.S. government and the CIA are the great foes of nationalizing U.S. corporations abroad, many Belgians are convinced our operation in the Congo is a heavy-handed plot to force them out so that American business can step in as the sole influence with "giveaway" business concessions. A January conference of American businessmen in Kinshasa reinforced this theory.

The Belgians, although under no illusions as to his trustworthiness, see Tshombe as a hope to regain influence and the control of Union Minière, an arrangement that also meets with approval from their Portuguese friends in Angola. As things now stand, the economy has deteriorated to the point that the Belgians are going broke and are thinking of leaving, even though it means giving up their cheap, black servants. The CIA comes in for some additional acrimony; they or their sub-agents are everywhere, listening, watching, maneuvering, scheming, sowing distrust—because nobody knows who's in their employ and who's watching whom.

By indirection the CIA runs the mercenaries. Mobutu pays the mercenaries with U.S. funds, and he who controls the funds controls Mobutu. Aside from money, without which the mercenaries would disappear, the CIA keeps control by owning the air transport—essential in an underdeveloped country. All the while, the CIA seems to be interested in getting rid of the mercenaries. Given the Belgians' CIA-U.S. business plot, it would be in their interest to do so.

My companions in 5 Commando let it be known that by and large they preferred Tshombe over Mobutu, not for ideological reasons but because of personalities. Those that knew thought of Tshombe as a charmer, a guy you could sit down with and share drinks and an hour's conversation; on the other hand Mobutu was so nervous, almost paranoid, as to be unapproachable, surrounding himself with guards. Unfortunately, at the time the latest "contract" was signed, Tshombe's future and source of funds seemed in doubt. Especially among the South Africans and Belgians, most of the mercenaries were in sympathy with the Belgian planters and long-time resident businessmen. This sympathy was probably the result of two factors: distrust of the CIA's plans and manipulations, and their low esteem of the Congolese blacks which they shared with the Belgian colons. From time to time there were snatches of whispers suggesting 5 and 6 Commando in whole or in part would "go over," once the rebel area was reached.

The mercenaries have always been thought of as a necessary evil. An offshoot of paramilitary outfits formed to protect white property, they were formalized by Tshombe who was under no illusions as to the trustworthiness and effectiveness of his own troops. These troops have no motivation, are poorly trained, more poorly paid, are subject to traditional tribal hatreds and lack even the basic rudiments of discipline. It generally takes a combination of three things to spur them to action: they have to have their heads bent out of shape with "hemp" and booze, there must be the opportunity to loot, and immediate threat of organized resistance must be gone to enable them to rape, pillage and burn in relative safety. Only then can their hatred of the white man be given full vent.

In a typical operation the mercenaries are used as spearheads or shock troops, killing everything that stands in their way. They pause only long enough to loot the bank and move on; then leave Congolese troops to hold the place. The Congolese complete the looting and killing. By the time the mercenaries return, the troops—loot, booze and victims exhausted—have been chased away. When the mercenaries are working for Tshombe they loot only the government banks. When they are under contract to Mobutu they take only from banks controlled by Union Minière or non-government banks.

Whoever wins, it's doubtful it will benefit the blacks. The color of the government might have changed, but the white man is still supreme. The *kaffir* hates and fears the whites but moves aside for them as in years past. The blacks are still servants to the whites, and even a mercenary private is assigned at least one black batman. Some of the commandos have four or five servants. *Kaffirs* are good workers, especially as house servants, better than the Vietnamese. They make about $3 a week, which is much better than plantation workers. If the mercenaries et al are forced out, it will only mean a change in white bosses for the *kaffir*. They'll just go to work for the CIA and the U.S. military "advisors" who will follow. The pattern has already been set in Vietnam and Thailand.

BUT SUDDENLY FOR ME it was all over. The CIA had tracked me down with the help of Colonel Peters. As it turned out, I would have been picked up even without the desertion charge. While the CIA feels no qualms about hiring and using mercenaries, in the Congo they don't want American citizens joining the mercenaries. The Agency wants American mercenaries in their direct employ (such as those they used to train and direct those for the Bay of Pigs caper). Secondly, while nobody gets upset if a British or Rhodesian mercenary is killed, it would be embarrassing for the CIA if it became known that an American mercenary was killed or captured. They always prefer to work through other nationals.

I need work and I don't mean driving somebody's truck. There's a great need for people with my talents, but unfortunately the CIA is doing the hiring or the others, because of the CIA, lack the funds to make a contract interesting. Evidently I'm on the Agency's blacklist and that makes it difficult to contact other employers from this country. Those who can use my help in Latin America are trying to fight using indigenous and foreign idealists—which means no money for the professionals. It's too bad Stroessner, Rojas and Samoza are in so tight with "Sam," otherwise they would pay well. I'd like to go back to the Congo but I don't think they'll let me. Too bad, because the anti-Mobutu boys are making a bundle.

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The Spectre of

by Dugald Stermer

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The Spectre of Che Guevara

by John Gerassi

IN THIS SUMMER OF URBAN REBELLION and stalemate in Vietnam, a new spectre is looming over the South American continent, haunting the global planners in the Pentagon and the State Department: like a revolutionary phoenix, Che Guevara is rising from the ashes of his own, self-imposed obscurity.

Long thought by the American press to have been killed or betrayed by the very Cuban revolutionary regime he had helped create, Che has once again assumed a clear role as the world's foremost proponent of a revolutionary internationalism which knows no allegiances to state power or political party. And Che, by his independent vision of revolution, also haunts the Kremlin policy makers, complicating diplomacy within the Communist world and frustrating Russian hopes for a secure detente with Washington. The revolutionary spirit symbolized by Guevara is everywhere undercutting the influence and the dynamism of the old-line Communist Parties—and nowhere was this made clearer than at the strategic conference of the Organization of Latin American Solidarity (OLAS) held in early August in Havana.

Despite previous sectarian and ideological differences, representatives of all of the functioning guerrilla movements of Latin America were present. As if to boost the martial revolutionary spirit of the meeting and illustrate the efficacy of guerrilla struggle against armed might, representatives of South Vietnam's NLF also attended. Notoriously absent were the Communist Party of Venezuela (it wasn't even invited) and the Brazilian, Argentinian and Ecuadoran Communist Parties, which had declined to attend, though Communist leaders from other Latin American countries did attend. The Russians did their best to ignore the conference, but on its eve Pravda gave a page to the leading Chilean Communist, Luis Corvalan, for an attack on Castro.

The new revolutionary internationalism was all symbolized in the last dramatic meeting of the conference as Fidel Castro addressed the delegates backdropped not by pictures of Marx, Lenin or even himself, but by a huge portrait of Che, over the existential slogan of OLAS: "The duty of every revolutionary is to make the revolution." In that closing four-hour speech on August 10, Castro brought out into the open the bill of particulars that the new revolutionaries have against the Soviets.

"If internationalism exists," he said, "if solidarity is not just a word, the least we can expect of any state of the socialist camp is that it will lend no financial or technical assistance of any type to those [oligarchic] governments." (Castro was referring to the trade agreements, with credits, that the Soviet Union had concluded with Brazil and Colombia.)

At that point all but a handful of the 5000-odd delegates and observers who had packed the Chaplin Theater in Havana's once fashionable Miramar section jumped to their feet and cheered. On the stage behind Fidel were the chairmen of all 27 delegations, among them Communist Party leaders from Chile, Bolivia, El Salvador, Colombia and Uruguay. But they did not applaud—nor did the observers from Eastern Europe in the audience. Seated next to Raul Castro was Rodney Arismendi, secretary general of the Uruguayan Communist Party, the biggest name in Latin American communism. When he noticed that the Uruguayan Communist was standing stiffly, his arms crossed, Raul shot his clapping hands high above his head and laughed. The audience went wild. And as the television cameras focused first on the tall, immobile, lanky Uruguayan, then on the short, rocking, beaming Cuban comandante, all Cubans finally understood that the left in Latin America, indeed in the world, had come to an irreconcilable split.

The split in the left has been a long time developing. As far back as March 13, 1966, Castro attacked the Venezuelan Communist Party, accusing it of "an act of virtual treason" in not supporting the guerrilla fighters of that country.

The Venezuelan case is the key to understanding the new Cuban posture on revolution in the Americas. Back in 1961, it was mainly the Communists, the traditional, Moscow-lining Party with relative strength in the cities that launched the country's first armed struggle through the creation of the FALN (the guerrilla front). The orders, money, arms and food came from the city, however, as the Party continued to lead the armed operations from its central committee headquarters. For a while, as the result of armed uprisings by leftists and Communists within the Armed Forces, it looked as if the armed struggle was rapidly gaining strength. But as President Betancourt, and then Leoni, came down hard on the Party, jailing the leaders and declaring their activities illegal, the FALN suffered greatly. It was then that the Communist Party decided to abandon the armed struggle and return to legality. It ordered its field commanders to give themselves up.

In May of 1966, after some Cubans had been captured trying to bring supplies and reinforcements to the embattled guerrillas, the Party took out ads in Caracas' commercial newspapers denouncing the guerrillas. "At this time," said the Party, "the armed movement does not have the capacity to play a decisive role." Instead the party called for a popular front with other progressive forces.

Douglas Bravo, a member of the central committee of the Communist Party and commander-in-chief of the FALN, refused to go along. He was read out of the Party and denounced as an adventurer. His men were then cut off from funds and material and, it is said, were even betrayed. "The right-wing leadership of the Communist Party behaved like a spurned mistress—denouncing, lying, trying its best to isolate its former lover," said Comandante Ellias Manuit, one of Venezuela's chief guerrilla fighters, who was also kicked out of the CP. To Manuit and Bravo and the other fighters, this was an outright betrayal. Fidel thought so too. He said: "Maybe some day the Venezuelan people will ask them [the Communist leaders] about the millions of dollars they collected throughout the world on behalf of the guerrilla movement which they abandoned; whose members they left without shoes, clothes, food and even the bare necessities; and which they have accused and attacked without scruples of any kind." Francisco Prada, a taut guerrilla leader who was chairman of the Venezuelan delegation to OLAS, said, "For the sake of their own legal standing, they have abandoned every one of their principles,

—*Continued on page 30*

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[Che & Debray in Bolivia]

RÉGIS DEBRAY'S STORY BEGINS on December 21, 1966. On that date, while he was teaching philosophy at the University of Havana for the French government (in lieu of his military service), Debray received a secret letter in his room on the 21st floor of the Hotel Havana Libre. The letter was from Che Guevara, telling Debray that he was now ready to give his first interview to the world since he disappeared two years before. Debray had been personally selected by Guevara for this sensational assignment.

Debray's instructions were to present himself in February at the famous left-wing bookshop in Paris, La Joie de Lire (owned by his future publisher, François Maspéro) and wait for a contact there. His duties in Cuba completed, Debray flew to Paris two months later. On February 15, he was approached in the crowded little shop off the Boulevard Saint Michel. The message: he was to go to La Paz.

Making his Bolivian contact, Debray was led to a remote ranch in the Nancahuazu region, called the Casa Caramina. There he suddenly found himself in a guerrilla training base. The Casa Caramina was, in fact, the operational center from which a guerrilla insurrection was about to be launched.

Debray had, by this time, still not seen Guevara. He was informed, however, that he would do so soon. He suspected that he would have to stay four or five days with the guerrillas and would then be able to reach the outside world with his interview completed. Events, however, started moving very fast. He was told that contact with Che would be delayed. Meanwhile, an oil engineer in the zone reported suspicious movements in the Nancahuazu zone to the Army. A large military patrol was dispatched to investigate. The outbreak of revolutionary war in the Bolivian southeast was thus suddenly precipitated while Debray was waiting to interview Guevara. On March 23, the Army patrol commanded by Captain Silva ran into a devastating ambush along the banks of the Nancahuazu river. Three officers were killed, 15 men were captured: there were no guerrilla casualties. The war had begun.

Once hostilities were opened, the guerrillas abandoned the Casa Caramina and went over to mobile columns weaving rapidly through the dense jungle terrain. It was under these conditions that Debray finally made contact with Guevara at the end of March. He says that the circumstances of the interviews with Guevara were difficult; the famous Cuban revolutionary was commanding units on forced marches in the first, dramatic weeks of the campaign (in which the Army was suffering heavy losses), and thus optimum conditions for prolonged interviews were hardly provided.

Debray was arrested by local police in a small township, Muyumpampa, as he was leaving the guerrilla encampment. He probably would have been released except that a former miner named Salustio Choque Choque had identified Debray as having been with the guerrillas in previous weeks. When the police learned this, they telephoned command headquarters. An hour later, the Fourth Army Division's solitary helicopter landed in Muyumpampa and picked up the prisoner.

In Debray's possession were notebooks containing transcripts of his interviews with Guevara. The military confiscated the notebooks and sent them on to La Paz.

Debray was taken to the Army barracks. "At eight o'clock in the morning, I was arrested," Debray told us. "By eight in the evening, I was being tortured." Debray was endlessly interrogated by Bolivian intelligence officers, American CIA operatives and Cuban exiles sent down from Miami.

BOLIVIA WAS THE COUNTRY chosen by Che for his dramatic reentry into the Latin American Revolution. The time and place were selected with deadly precision. The secret guerrilla base at Casa Caramina probably received the famed revolutionary hero some time in late 1966 or early 1967. Che's presence was the detonator for the explosive political conjuncture in Bolivia. It signaled the new continental offensive against the U.S. in Latin America.

The armed force which set off the revolutionary war with the ambush of March 23 on the Nancahuazu river numbers, in all, perhaps 300 men—a sizable initial group by the standards of Latin American guerrillas. (Castro had only some 1000 the entire time he was in the Sierra Maestra, and he started with seven.) It is excellently trained; its equipment is former U.S. Army weapons. By contrast with all other Latin American guerrilla movements of recent years, it has so far proved invincible (no one can say how long this will last). In four months, it has inflicted worse casualties on the Bolivian Army than its Venezuelan or Colombian counterparts have in a year.

In a spectacular raid on July 6, the guerrillas surrounded and seized the small town of Samiapata, some 470 kilometers west of Santa Cruz. Local peasants afterwards reported that they had paid three times over for the food that they took.The raid was commanded by a man sitting in a jeep on the hill outside the town, hidden by bodyguards; the peasants who brought him bread and cheese were made to stay at a distance from the vehicle and were prevented from getting a glimpse of him. The precautions indicate that the unseen commander was certainly Che. Indeed, the whole campaign to date has borne his unmistakable signature. It has been *technically* brilliant—a series of swift, deadly moves which have constantly surprised and outmaneuvered the Bolivian Army.

Debray will trounce his military accusers if they allow him to make any statements at his trial. Denounced as the "organizer and inspirer" of the Bolivian guerrillas, he told us sarcastically: "A political leader who packs his suitcase and comes down from the hills to walk into the nearest town is not a revolutionary conspirator, he is a deserter." Predicting accelerating successes for the guerrillas, he commented: "They hardly need a young 26-year-old Frenchman to teach them how to fight." He says Che has already left Bolivia for new areas of struggle: "He has, after all, continental responsibilities."

Meanwhile, the guerrillas continue to gain strength and multiply their actions in the hills above Camiri. Che Guevara, whether in Bolivia or not, is still a presence there.

—*Robin Blackburn* and *Perry Anderson*, La Paz

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betrayed their comrades and are in effect now in partnership with the repressive forces against the people."

In his July 26, 1966 speech, Castro had attacked the Soviet Union for giving economic aid to the Christian Democratic government of Eduardo Frei in Chile—a regime whose *raison d'être* is that it openly claims to provide an alternative to Marxist revolution in Latin America. The Soviets never published any references to Castro's criticisms but Izvestia did publish articles praising Frei's government for making a "revolution in liberty." The question of Chile came up again in the early part of this year when, at the International Union of Students meeting in Mongolia, the Cuban student delegation walked out in protest (taking several other Latin American revolutionary student delegations with them) over the seating of the Christian Democratic students from Chile.

THE SPLIT ALSO HAS MUCH TO DO WITH VIETNAM. To the Cubans, now, Vietnam is a symbol of what determined struggle can accomplish even against American power. It also warns them of the fate that might await them if the Americans are successful in subduing the Vietnamese. Thus Cuban journalist Raul Valdes Viva, back from a tour of the guerrilla front in South Vietnam wrote, ". . . if General Westmoreland were to regain control over the rice fields of South Vietnam would he not obey the order to attempt the same with Cuba's cane fields? The far off trenches are holding the common enemy in check. What Cuban father does not have a special place in his heart for those trenches . . ."

Last year when Che sent a message to a tricontinental meeting calling for "many Vietnams," it struck among the Cubans a note of pragmatic necessity as well as a sentiment of solidarity with the Vietnamese.

Cubans have been silently convinced ever since the 1962 missile crisis that Russia was fully capable of abandoning them in a showdown with the U.S. They might have harbored a false sense of security after Kennedy was reported to have made his no-invasion promise. But Vietnam changed all that. With America's increasing aggressiveness in that country, the Cuban leaders realized that Kennedy's promise was not worth very much—in fact, the State Department has since retracted it. They are certain that once the U.S. settles the Vietnam war—one way or another—it will go after Cuba. At the close of OLAS, Fidel explicitly stated that this was his conviction. He read a New York Daily News editorial which said (in retranslation): "Let's stick a memo in Uncle Sam's hat to trample Castro under foot with all necessary force to destroy his communist regime, as soon as we win the war in Vietnam."

Though he scoffed that, "If the danger posed to this country depends on a United States victory in Vietnam, we will all die of old age," Fidel made it clear that he felt, with Che, that it was in Cuba's interest—as well as in the interest of all revolutionaries in the small countries of the underdeveloped world—to create as many Vietnams as possible.

Guevara's new prominence reflects the similarly new, internationalist flavor of the Latin American revolutionary movement. Guevara, the Argentinian doctor who had gone into the Sierra Maestra to help the Cubans make a revolution, had always seemed to symbolize what was romantic, existential and internationalist in the Cuban revolution. When he disappeared from the Cuban scene two years ago it was widely believed that he had left (or had been done away with) because Castro's regime had developed a hardening of its revolutionary arteries; that it had become more interested in preserving and securing state power for itself than in advancing the cause of the revolution in other countries.

Now it is clear that the mystique of Che is once again a beacon for the Cuban revolution. Elected honorary president of OLAS by acclamation, Che was not merely a symbolic hero. In Havana, Che's ideas were everywhere triumphant. The conference passed a resolution condemning the Venezuelan Communist Party leadership as "opportunistic," "reformist" and "serving the interests of imperialism." Another resolution passed by one of the commissions but never brought to the plenary floor, blasted the Russians for giving financial and technical assistance to capitalist countries in the western hemisphere. Fidel Castro himself perhaps went further than anyone at the conference when he referred to those elements in the traditional Communist Parties who compromise with the entrenched interests in Latin America as an "international mafia."

What finally emerged at OLAS was the birth of a new International, and Cuba was its center. In this century the "Communist International" was destroyed when it became nothing but an instrument of the national interests and the foreign policy of the Soviet Union. But at the new International in Havana, Fidel Castro sounded as much like a guerrilla leader down from the hills as the head of state of the only revolutionary country in the hemisphere.

Nothing could have been more internationalist than Fidel's gesture in embracing Stokely Carmichael and giving him a public platform from which to hurl the challenge of black guerrilla warfare at the United States. From the point of view of "national interest," it was an extremely provocative gesture that could have no beneficial results for a Cuba already apprehensive or expectant of an armed attack by the U.S. It was something the Soviet Union, secure as it is from American invasion, would never have allowed on its soil.

There was not much left of the dogmas and rituals of traditional Marxism-Leninism at the new International. Its style was the style of the original *barbudos* who had marched out of the Sierra Maestra and into Havana on January 1, 1959—with spontaneity, existential commitment and will.

In an informal chat at the Palace of the Revolution at 2:30 a.m. on August 12, Fidel put it quite bluntly: "We don't talk very much of Marxism anymore. Our goal is a free society, a genuine democracy in which all the people are integrated through their own constant, active participation in the continuing struggle required for a man to feel free and be free. To achieve the basis of that kind of society, man must first defeat his exploiter. To do so, in view of the reality that the exploiter is always richer, stronger, bigger, each man must particularize the struggle into his personal life and generalize his personal commitment. If he can, he can defeat any exploiter whose motivation is greed and possession. That is why the Vietnamese cannot be defeated by the armed technological might of the United States. Each Vietnamese fights for his Revolution. His own and all of theirs together. He fights for himself, for his country, and for his vision of a just world. That combination is undefeatable. We, too, in the Americas, are gaining such a combination."

—HAVANA, August 22

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Mission Impossible: The 3rd Troop, 4th Musketeers on assignment to build a cricket pitch behind enemy lines in North Africa.

"John Lennon, please don't die while there is still hope!"

NEVER AGAIN WILL I MARCH in a parade going nowhere. Thus, near the end of 1967, I am forever done with demonstrations. Done with tautological protests. I have resigned from all ad hoc committees. I no longer have any faith in art as a means to affect social change. No points are given for good intentions, nothing for neatness, nothing for being on the side of human beings. The only things that count, it seems, are things that actually occur, really happen.

Take your anti-war films for example. I know now (having learned the hard way) that there is no such thing as an anti-war film. There is only *the* anti-war film. There is only the ultimate film making the ultimate statement, rejecting the concept of war, rejecting war in all forms under all flags, in the name of all names. When this ultimate anti-war film was made, I had once reasoned, reasonably, then that would be the end of war. Until this definitive war film was shot, until it was shown and all the wars ended, other films treating the subject, regardless of how sympathetic, or how humane and pacifistic, no matter how stirring, or how epic, would be merely academic.

But the ultimate anti-war film has *been* made, and now I see the fallacy in my reasoning. Now I can understand why the Richard Lester-John Lennon film, "How I Won The War," as nearly perfect as it is, won't end war—but will end war films.

That is a start, a very good beginning.

Take note here that the mythology of modern war is essentially a motion picture mythology. And only a movie can destroy a movie, or, as in this case, several thousand war movies. Most were made from the falsified version of a contemporary reality—a pile of raw fiction—as it was conceived

by Stephen Schneck

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and presented more than 20 years ago in the grand theatre of military operations, during the glorious, vague, recreated, and almost entirely fictionalized epic of WW II. It is all over now.

Still, how many people remain convinced that the war makes a damned good movie, has a little something for everyone? Patriots to the right, cynics to the far left, and those in between, can choose from an infinite number of movies espousing either extreme, or somewhere in between. From battlefield to paths of glory, historically and philosophically speaking, you can authenticate your own personal image of war. From the horrific "Night and Fog" to violent fantasies, like this season's hard-core war flick, "The Dirty Dozen." And for those who can't swallow the stuff cold, there is a branch specializing in science fiction satire, à la "Dr. Strangelove."

How many war buffs realize that WW II exists only in the minds of men—not in fact, but in fallacious history? The prototype war never happened, existentially speaking. It has been fragmented and filed into historical fiction in memories cherished by people: just people. And some non-people. There are only innumerable motion picture adaptations, and a corps of middle-aged and aging veterans, patriots who served their nation once upon a time of national emergency, who now wonder why the cream of American youth has turned sour over war.

The American Legion hasn't a clue to the reasons why so many of their children won't play the good old war game, won't follow the flag to glory. "What's wrong with war?" they ask each other in the forever crippled wards of Army hospitals. What's wrong with war? Didn't the kids enjoy the movie? John Wayne, Robert Mitchum, Audie Murphy certainly seemed to enjoy their work. Especially when they got shot, grenaded, bayoneted, firebombed or boobytrapped, dying beautifully with convulsive elan towards the end of the last reel. Or if they were the enemy, they died dirty. Simplistic but straightforward, like a good movie should.

There used to be a sense of morality, a sense of order (kept by the continuity girl) in the War Movie Department. War might be wonderful, or war might be hell: the Hollywood mentality didn't muck about with ambiguities. If you needed to be vague about war, you could see a foreign art film.

But that was yesterday, or the day before Richard Lester's "How I Won The War." This Lester fellow has burned the Second World War right down to the ground; there is hardly a workable dramatic surface left. He really mucked up the material, rendered it useless from this point on. Most unforgivable of all, he cops out to the best-kept secret of the war: the whole bloody business was a music hall romp, a song and dance act of monstrous proportions, the biggest, goriest sight gag ever offered at neighborhood prices.

It is just possible that Lester has gone too far. There are certain things that may not be mocked. And that Beatle chap, that Lennon, should be careful. He keeps associating his name with these declarations of conscience, these expressions of radical, anti-Establishment positions. And what he has done in this movie, getting so bloody anti-war and all, seems rather more serious than that ad in the London Times publicly supporting revisions of the marijuana prohibition. Even more serious than Mr. Lennon's infamous comparison of Jesus Christ's popularity with the popularity of a certain group of young entertainers.

"Why did you make this film?" I asked Lester.

"Not for the money, not for the fun of it, but because I am opposed to war. And so is John Lennon."

And Lester lets his film go the limit. He's wrecked the war movie business by catching WW II without its pants on. The result is hysterical, funny as a rubber crutch. Funny as an insane asylum full of amputees. Your basic, brutal, comic situation; should make many choke on their own laughter. Gag.

A lot of little people, common soldiers, and just plain gypsies, Jews, Russians, etc. Not to mention our gallant Allies, not to mention ourselves, all of whom lost a lot of arms and legs and lives and so forth. WW II may be in the public domain, and used without royalty payments. Still, all those dead and maimed veterans deserve something better than the truth, don't they?

Lester could have played it a whole lot safer and stuck to traditional symbolic anti-war gestures—giving the finger to flag, country and war: the corpses and sacrifices that provoke the great bellylaugh from the maggots and the worms. Good tried and tested stuff.

I SAW "HOW I WON THE WAR" on Wednesday, and on Thursday I drove out to Twickenham Studios, 20 miles north of London, to let Richard Lester know that he'd made the definitive war film. (Just in case he'd been too involved to notice.)

"Thanks so much, nice of you to say so. But I doubt that it is the best war film ever made, you know. It's only the best one I ever made."

"Why?"

"Why what?" he asked, and I was tempted to answer, "Why not?"

"Why did you make this particular film?"

Question 6 on the idiot questionnaire, one of those questions that answers itself. But I was going for an answer from the horse's own mouth, an answer that could be framed between quotation marks. "Why this film, Mr. Lester?"

It is a rare pleasure to have a man turn and look you right in the eye and answer straightout, "Because I believe wholeheartedly in the subject. And because I am not a cheat. I won't short you, and I won't short myself. Beatle movies make themselves now: I like to keep interested—I want to achieve just a touch more than I can. And because now is the time for all real artists to come to the aid of the human race.

"Now is the time to tell the truth about those lies which we are following to the edge and over. How to convey the most important message at large in the world today? How to defeat the legacy of 20 years of fiction: how many hundreds of thousands of feet of film showing everything about war except the fact that it is and always was an implausible, illogical, secret and steel unreality—officers don't run the war, you know. They run the enlisted men. But the war is in charge of everyone."

"A damned dangerous business, war. One is lucky to get out of it alive."

Lester laughed politely. Like most good comics and comic directors, Dick Lester doesn't make many jokes, doesn't laugh very hard or very often.

"It's not very funny, you know," says Michael Crawford in "How I Won The War."

"Too terrible to bear." Lester was talking about all the battle footage from the Second World War, which he sat through in preparation for shooting his own war movie. "I

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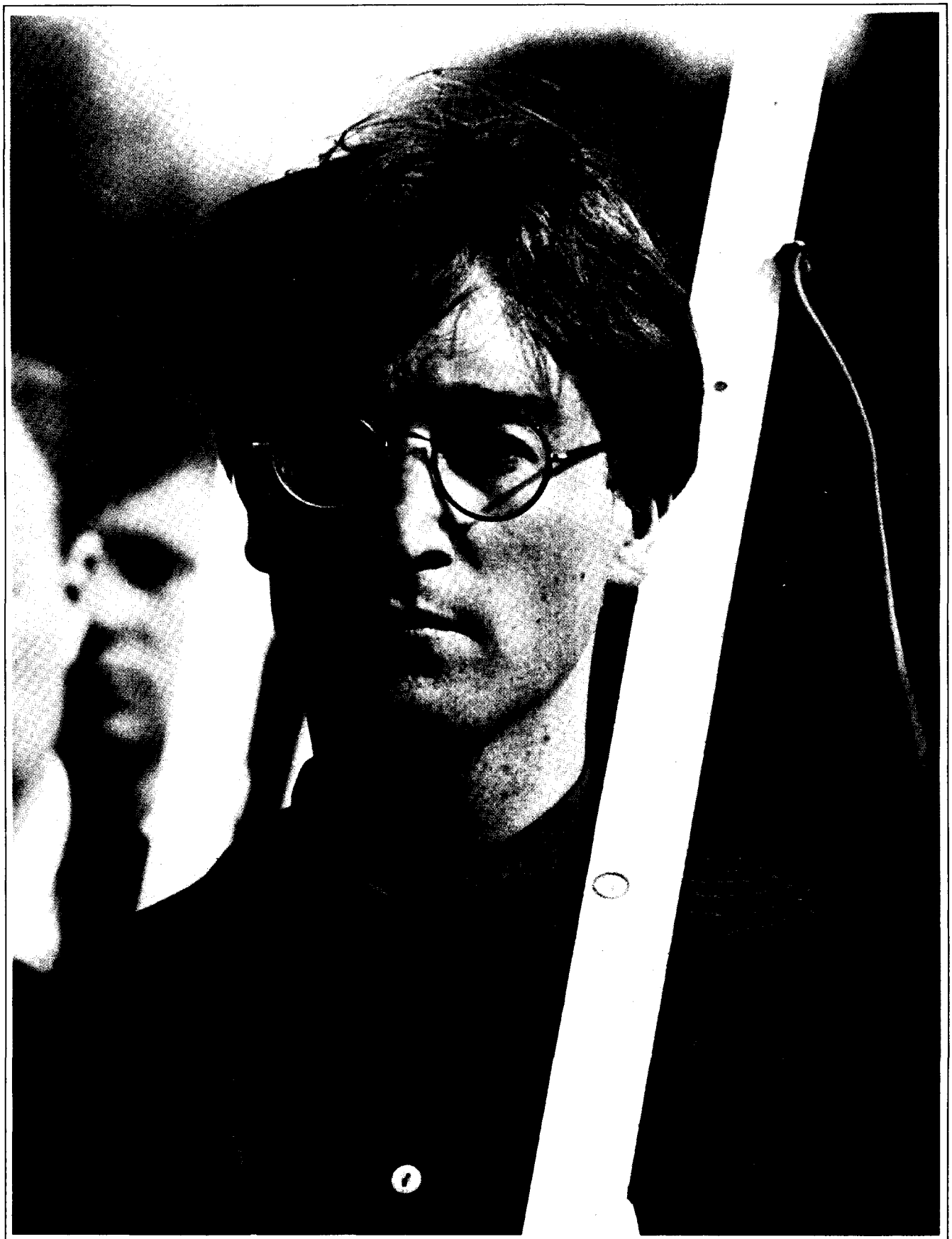

"Fought for three reasons—but I can't remember what they were."
—John Lennon

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He: "It hurts, Flo."
She: "Run them under the cold tap, luv."

got hold of footage, not only stuff from our side. From the German films, too. And Japanese stuff. I watched stuff filmed in Italy by the Fascists; footage from Greece, Yugoslavia, Poland, all those poor places in Europe. Parisians getting shot. Tanks and artillery moving up roads in convoys, and fighter planes suddenly diving out of the clouds and strafing the soldiers lying in the grass, trying to hide. Like the civilians lining up in front of graves they just dug, trying to hide from a firing squad with nothing to hide behind, nothing to hide under. O God, I watched those pictures till I went out of my mind. Then I went ahead and started 'How I Won the War.' It's the part that wasn't in any of the documentaries that I suffered through, and I've never seen it in any feature films made after the war, supposedly based on the war. It's the part they always cover up with blood and high explosives.

"God bless you, Bertold Brecht," sighed Lester. War is the continuation of a vaudeville show by means of force.

"I'll tell you my plan," says a lovely, long-faced member of the cast, of a sudden gone full out camp blackface, who keeps explaining confidently, "It is very simple. All my plans are very simple."

"O my God, Luv, did ya see that hun boot the lieutenant square in the face?('E went squish, yes'e did.) T's a real damn war, look how hard he hit the lad . . . and look here, look at lovely John Lennon, so polite all thru the film: laying back and dripping in choice lines here there, and everywhere, look how John Lennon gets his one-way ticket. You can see it coming, almost. O look 'ow 'orrible, he goes for dying. Then he did, of a sudden, die: and his color changes, why it is a real bloody war that R. Lester is fighting on his own slapstick and sight gag-rigged terrain. But why'd he have to go and kill good John Lennon?"

"John wanted to do this film with me," Lester said. This particular film. We all were talking about the same thing when we made the picture. We wanted to do the war, really do it. None of the other wars are available yet. World War II is actually all we've had to go on for two decades now.

"John wanted to work in a film, so he did. But I rather doubt that he'll do another one. It's not the most interesting job, being a movie actor, you know. You have to hang around all day to do three minutes in front of the camera. I don't see John devoting his life to playing a film actor, not John . . . not likely."

JUST AS ALL OF DICK LESTER'S movies, like the ones the famous Beatles group makes, are to date very simple. But elaborately got up as though they were on their way to a costume party.

Dick Lester doesn't cheat. War is well known to be hell; and it is not only hell, war is also a staple of show business. Patriotism is a soft shoe dance, even if it does get a bit much sometimes. *What with wives appearing suddenly in the midst of battle to advise their recently amputated better halves to run their oozing wounds under the cold water tap, there's a dear . . . an'ere comes old dad marching into combat with the boys dressed in their battle kit, old dad in his tweed suit, the queerest bunch you ever saw but who the 'ell can say a thing when everybody's tramping into the cannon's mouth (hurrah boys).*

"By the way, would you ring John up? I'd like to ask him a few questions about the film."

"John prefers not to give any more interviews," Lester said, with only the merest tinge of envy in his voice. "He's been misquoted so often that he's very leery. Besides, all he has to

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say about 'How I Won the War,' is in the film of that name."

Dick Lester has a very nice smile. "Please don't be offended. I'm certain that you wouldn't misquote him, but he has had some ghastly experiences with journalists in the past." I have a pretty fair smile myself. "I don't misquote anyone, and anyway, I'm a novelist, not a journalist. Fiction's my field. I don't misquote, I make up my own quotes. After all, when one is writing about mythology, motion pictures, war celebrities and all that sort of phantasmagoria, one can't be a traditionalist. When you're covering the fictive reality, you have to stay loose. The facts so often interfere with actuality. I can write much more lucidly if I make it all up as I go along."

"Hmmm," Lester lifted his left eyebrow. "I see. Do you want to ask me anything else?"

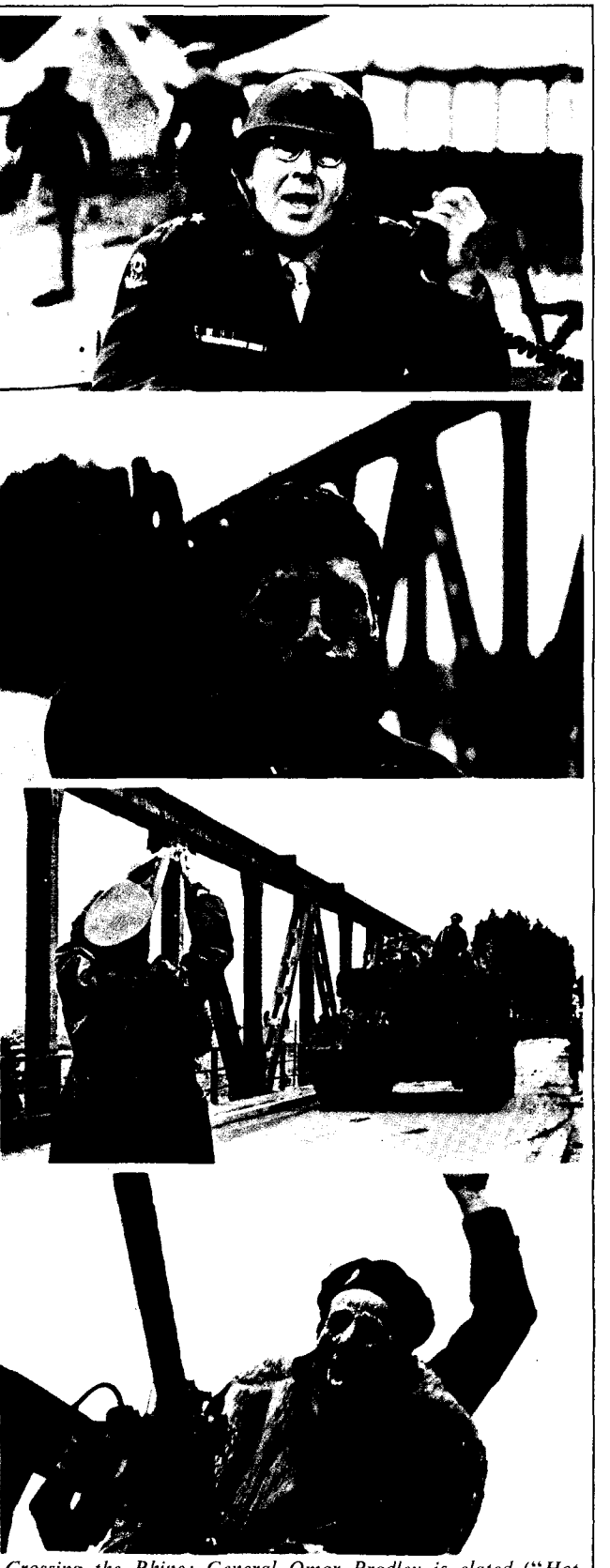
"I would like to know if you sincerely believe that the satire and ridicule in 'How I Won The War' will have much effect on the mentality of people who believe that war is a way of resolving political disputes?"

"I hope so. I didn't make this movie for pacifists. They already know better. It's the others that we're trying to inform: I've tried to give them a picture of what war actually is. 'How I Won The War' isn't satire, you know." "What is it then?" "Neo-realism. Just because it's fantastic and unreal doesn't make it satirical. It's the nature of the beast, war. Take a hideous example, take a historical farce like Dunkirk. British soldiers were slaughtered on the beach waiting for fishing boats to cross the Channel and pick them up. Would you call Dunkirk a satire? It was, you know, but then Fate is a rotten gag writer. A situation is only satirical if a person makes it up. When the situation makes the person up, that's life."

Some life. Some war. But of course it's the only war we have so far. That must be why the moviemakers keep remaking World War II over and over. But now, Richard Lester's "How I Won the War" has ended that dishonest picnic. By presenting a perfectly accurate, absolutely factual picture of a hideous hallucination, men at war, Lester and his gang have given the show away. Frankly, I don't see how anyone can ever do another World War II film: this one is it. And vested show business interests may very well wonder where they are going to get their next war movie from. Already there are angry rumblings in the industry. In England, the Rank Organization refuses to distribute the film. I suppose one cannot blame them too much. It is more accurate a picture of patriotism and militarism than good taste and common decency should allow. Just because war is conducted by maniacs, is that a reason to film lunacy? But Lester has done it.

Now where can World War II go from there? I'm afraid that the truth has been told, and World War II as a source of material is a thing of the past. Bringing us to the problem of what will the war movie boys do for their next picture. This suggests that Vietnam may not be the pointless horror that it appears. There is some superb footage coming out of location. Monstrous, yes. But the entertainment industry must be served. "How I Won the War" is the end of World War II, and thank you for that Mr. Lester. However, war film buffs, don't despair. Some extraordinarily resourceful fanatics are working on a new one. So keep tuned to the news for previews and trailers of coming attractions.

—LONDON, August 26



Crossing the Rhine: General Omar Bradley is elated ("Hot Dog!") when he hears that Lieutenant Goodbody (Michael Crawford) has bribed a German officer, with a rubber check, not to blow up a bridge across the Rhine. Goodbody salutes his German counterpart just before the German is crushed by the first Allied tank. The tank's commander cries, "On to Moscow!"

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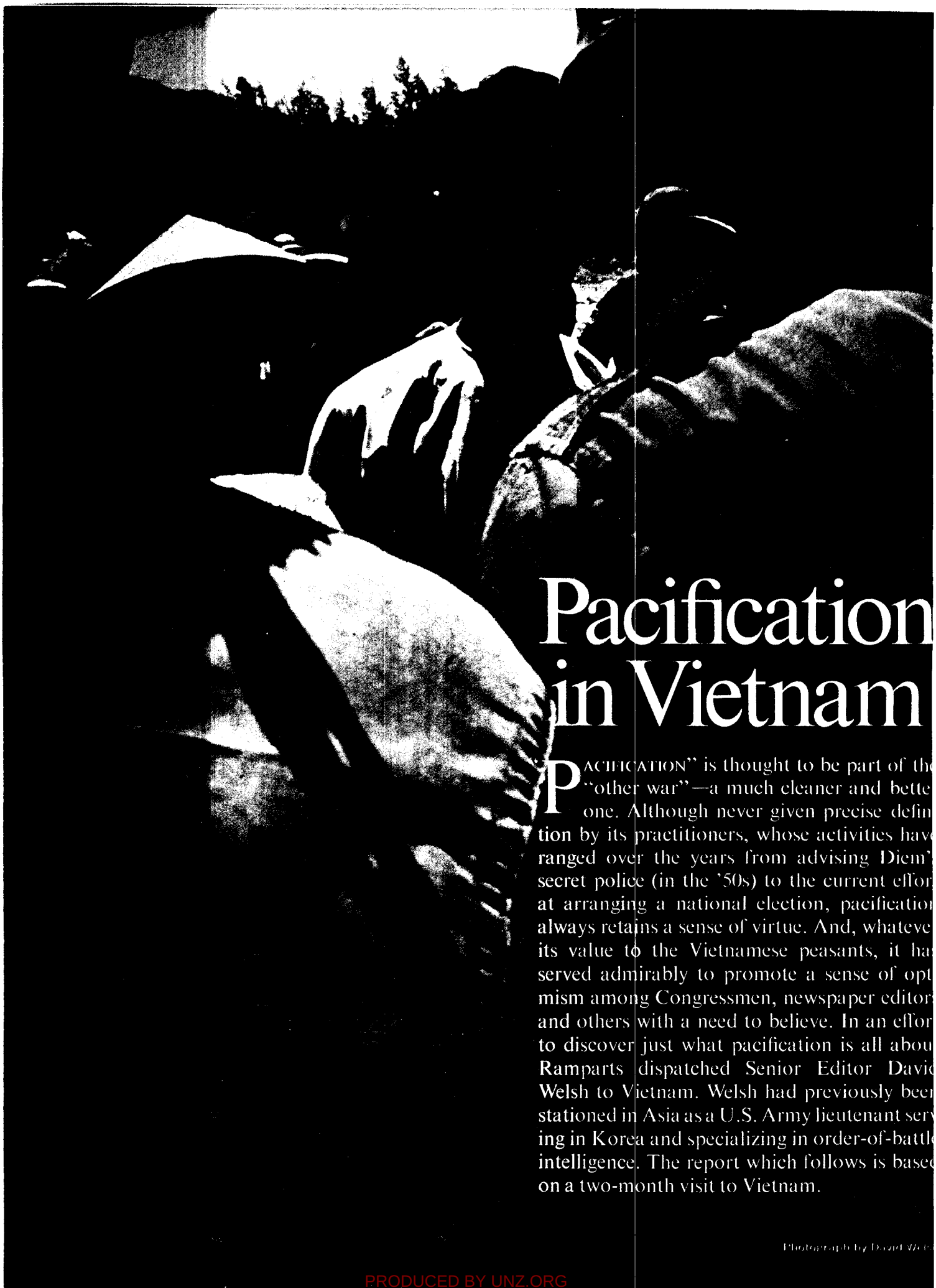

Pacification in Vietnam

"PACIFICATION" is thought to be part of the "other war"—a much cleaner and better one. Although never given precise definition by its practitioners, whose activities have ranged over the years from advising Diem's secret police (in the '50s) to the current effort at arranging a national election, pacification always retains a sense of virtue. And, whatever its value to the Vietnamese peasants, it has served admirably to promote a sense of optimism among Congressmen, newspaper editors and others with a need to believe. In an effort to discover just what pacification is all about, Ramparts dispatched Senior Editor David Welsh to Vietnam. Welsh had previously been stationed in Asia as a U.S. Army lieutenant serving in Korea and specializing in order-of-battle intelligence. The report which follows is based on a two-month visit to Vietnam.

Photograph by David Wa

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DONALD MACDONALD, head of the biggest AID project in the history of the world, was hosting a dinner party at his Saigon home when the conversation shifted to the war. One of the guests suggested that the AID boys were fooling themselves with their pacification schemes, which had never worked and were not working. The color rose in MacDonald's face, as it tends to do, his eyes gleaming with some unmentionable zeal. His hand dropped to his middle jacket button, and after having established that it was securely fastened, climbed to stroke his chin. He looked dapper but grim in his shiny suit, like a salesman who really believes in his product, selling something nobody wants to buy.

"We can't get out," said a guest, a CIA official working for AID. "We're up to our necks in it now and we're going to stay. We're going to beat the communists at their own game, use their methods, cut off their cocks and cut up the women and children if that's what it takes, until we break the communist hold over these people. *We can stand it.* We're going to make this place as germ-free as an operating room. And we can afford to do a better job of it than the VC."

The hygiene imagery shocks the uninitiated, but one hears it continually from U.S. officials in the war zone. An area is "sanitized" when supporters of the National Liberation Front are killed, captured or relocated, and the "germs" are not only the Front troops and cadres, but their millions of sympathizers as well.

What is in fact being contemplated by the military men who run things in Saigon and their numberless military-minded colleagues in AID, CIA, USIS and the Embassy is a "final solution" to the Vietnamese problem. The first steps toward "solving" it, detailed in the following pages, have long since become implemented policy. But how far the military will be permitted to go is another matter. "We have until early 1968," said an AID official at MacDonald's party, "not to win the war but to show a credible beginning toward winning the war. Otherwise it's a question of how much longer they'll keep putting money into this operation." It remains to be seen what Washington will consider a "credible beginning," and whether the Saigon "hards" will be given permission to turn most of rural South Vietnam into a free kill zone. For this, in effect, is what they are demanding. It's what their new pacification program is all about.

[PUTTING THE "HARDS" IN CHARGE]

FEW AMERICAN OFFICIALS in Saigon believe the war is going anything other than badly, although you'd never know it from their public statements. They have not, however, lost their sense of mission, their determination not only to prevent an NLF takeover in the South but to root out all trace of the "infestation." For the most part, their missionary zeal is based on U.S. power requirements. But the war controllers seem still to believe that the only thing keeping Vietnamese "hearts and minds" out of America's grasp is the Front's "grip of terror" over the population, and that once liberated from the scourge, the people will choose the "democratic alternative" of Nguyen Cao Ky or his civilian successors.

This persistent notion, central to the prevailing theories of pacification, must color the way our officials evaluate the facts of the war. Otherwise, they would stop to wonder why it takes an entire platoon of government troops to "control" a village, while the Front considers two or three part-time soldiers sufficient to do the same job. Or how NLF troops can time and again pull off audacious, close-in raids against U.S. installations and escape undetected—without a single neighborhood villager sounding the alarm. Or how word of U.S. military operations is commonly known in advance to the NLF, while VC "main force" operations take place in relative secrecy. Surely the Front has something more than "terror" going for it: you just can't "terrorize" an entire population and expect them to give you that kind of support.

For years our officials have been telling us that the war could not be won on the battlefield alone, that without victory in the "other" war for the people's hearts and minds, the United States would never be able to leave Vietnam except in defeat. Today, the rhetoric is changing. "There's no such thing as an 'other' war," says Bob Wayne, an OSA (CIA) official working on pacification in Region II. "There's just one war, and pacification is one part of it. From now on, anyone who even *looks* like a VC is going to get killed or put in a camp, until the people can learn to cooperate with their government."

The rhetoric is changing because the reality has changed. The get-tough artists are no longer chafing under the restrictions of softies—now they're in charge. The formal transition began last fall, when President Johnson sent a team of high-ranking officials, including members of his cabinet, on a tour of Vietnam to reexamine U.S. objectives and strategy. They concluded, first, that withdrawal was inconceivable; second, that pacification was not working; and third, that pacification had to be made to work if the United States hoped to establish a stable, non-communist government in the South and exit honorably. Drastic steps were recommended, and the most drastic thing available was, of course, the military, itself perennially prone to take on additional authority.

In times of despair, governments tend to turn to hard-liners for solutions, and it was the "hards" who got the ear of the blue-ribbon team during their Vietnam visit. The team became persuaded that the organization and pressure techniques of the NLF had proved their effectiveness in controlling local populations, and that these should be studied and adopted by our side as well. The visitors from Washington were particularly impressed with the much-touted successes of Korean troops in pacifying areas of central Vietnam, using what was understood to be an improvised version of "VC techniques."

There it is again, the chronic delusion—that the threat of terror is the only thing keeping the mass of the Vietnamese people in the NLF camp. We have only to make our own superior capacity for terror credible enough, the theory goes, and the people's allegiance will swing to the government side. If the NLF has a political "infrastructure" at the village and hamlet level, well by God, *our* Vietnamese will have an infrastructure. If they assassinate Ky's village chiefs and collaborators, well then, we should assassinate theirs.

It is a way of seeing the revolution-repression phenomenon as a territorial fight between two rival Mafia gangs, each offering "protection" to a people who would just as soon be left alone entirely. The gang with the best arsenal, the most money and the most credible will-to-terror (ours, presumably) would, one supposes, win the territory and its people. Our side, of course, isn't really a gang at all, but is forced to adopt terror tactics, so abhorrent to us all, because the enemy employs

by David Welsh

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them, and because the prosperous and democratic society we seek for the people cannot be realized until the enemy is defeated. If it sounds absurd, rest assured that to the police mentalities of Saigon, it has a compelling logic.

After much study all around, the decision was made last fall in Washington to transfer pacification to military control—a decision some people knew about before the studies even began. Last December the Office of Civil Operations (OCO) was set up to centralize the profusion of pacification programs run variously by AID, CIA, JUSPAO (Public Affairs Office) and the Embassy. OCO was a temporary measure, to prepare the military takeover which took effect in the spring.*

AID director MacDonald argued fervently for the change. It was in his office that the phrase "Total War" originated, meaning that all American resources in Vietnam should be directed toward the single goal of winning the war, allocated according to long-term military requirements and coordinated under the military itself. From combat operations to the way local and national elections are conducted, to psychological warfare, terror programs, rural development, Food for Peace, inflation control, refugee detention, village informer nets, censorship, construction projects, police training—all are battlefronts in a Total War to defeat the NLF and at the same time prevent the Saigon government from crumbling.

The new line is adumbrated in a recent AID pamphlet on pacification, which states: "There has been a tendency to consider the people as a neutral force—somewhere between the VC and the government, but not really a part of either. The truth is, however, that the people cannot be neutral. If they are not part of the government, they are forced to support the Viet Cong." He who is not your friend is your enemy, and he who is not "part of the government" is not your friend. The pretense about winning the hearts and minds is over; those who persist in such delusions are being shunted from positions of authority. In or out of uniform, the "hards" are in charge now, and the name of the game is Total War.

[HEADHUNTERS OF THE CIA]

IN THE COMPLEX OF OFFICES known as "Office One" at the Embassy—local headquarters for the CIA—are the desks of members of the "Assassination Bureau," which finances and directs an ambitious program of torture and political liquidation. The highly-paid bureaucrats who run it don't call themselves an assassination bureau; they refer to their section by a set of three initials which for security reasons are periodically changed. And they are not called upon to soil their well-manicured hands with the unpleasant details of murder. That is left to the Vietnamese and their U.S. advisor-commanders, organized into Provincial Reconnaissance Units (PRU) and operating with varying degrees of effectiveness in every province of South Vietnam.

The PRU, a refinement of the old "counter-terror" teams of the Diem era, are technically under the province chiefs. In practice they come under the control of Office One, which pays the men (handsomely by Vietnamese standards), outfits them with the best weapons and equipment, and provides "advisors," recruited from the Army or the Agency itself. In some areas, as in Kien Tuong province in the Delta near the Cambodian border, Special Forces men are detailed to the Agency to lead the teams. In areas of heavy military activity, a division G2 may be ordered to supervise PRU operations.

The mission of the PRU is to identify and destroy the NLF "infrastructure" in every village and hamlet, as well as to neutralize, intern or liquidate all citizens who cooperate in the smallest way with the Front. Periodically, an Agency man in civilian clothes shows up in the province with a briefcase full of piastres, to pay off informers, village chiefs and the PRU teams themselves, and reward the headhunters. Heads fetch different bounties, depending on the area and the importance of the quarry. In one Delta province, a free-lance headhunter can pull down 5000 piastres (about $42) for the head of a VC lieutenant, 500,000 ($4200) if he bags an NLF province chief.

In each district an attempt is made to compile comprehensive order-of-battle intelligence on civilian and military cadres of the Front. But PRU operations are by no means efficient. U.S. advisors believe payoffs are finding their way into the hands of corrupt officials, and that a sizable amount is funneled to the Front. Informers frequently provide wrong information. And periodic assassinations or abductions of government agents by the Front often reduce the PRU teams and their agent networks to diffidence and inaction.

As a result, the emphasis is shifting from terror directed against the NLF cadre to terror directed against the population at large. "That way everyone cooperates," said an Army sergeant in Binh Duong province, "and then we can flush the VC like so much quail." On one occasion in the Delta, the PRU went into the hamlet of Ap Binh Son, which was known to be cooperating with the Front, cut off the heads of four villagers—picked at random as an "example"—impaled them on lancets and placed the grisly display on a village bridge. But however much terror may enhance the government's ability to "control" a population center, occupation forces are still considered necessary, and the NLF continues to operate with relative impunity in the surrounding countryside.

The PRU is one of several CIA ventures designed to weaken the NLF by "unconventional" means. And there are other, comparable programs in which the Agency plays an advisory or operational role—among them, the Police Field Forces, Police Special Branch and certain operations of the Special Forces' Project Delta.

The National Police have never been particularly effective against the NLF, although AID is pumping a projected $37.8 million into its "public safety" program this fiscal year in an attempt to beef them up. AID's goal, in keeping with the Total War policy, is to achieve *total population control* in a super police state. It's all there, only slightly less explicit, in a recent AID brochure entitled, "The Public Safety Program—Vietnam," April 1, 1966, as amended. Their ideal, openly proclaimed in the brochure, is to have the name, photograph, fingerprints, *curriculum vitae* and political beliefs of *every Vietnamese over 14* on file at local and national police headquarters; to regulate their movements; to "remove" from the locality anyone suspect. The brochure describes one "population control" method on page 43: "The Family Census consists of an inventory of the population by housing unit. The registration form is a booklet in which are recorded pertinent data concerning each legal resident of a particular dwelling unit.

*In the process OCO was transmogrified into CORDS (Civilian Operations in Revolutionary Development Support). Some of the job titles cited in this article may have since undergone a corresponding change.

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These data include . . . all significant resources of the residents, such as outbuildings, tools and domestic animals, and the political affiliations or tendencies of each resident, if known. A group photograph (highly prized by most families) is also included. Two copies of each booklet are made, of which one is held by the family and one by the authorities. . . . Armed with the appropriate booklets, the Police can cordon off an area and check every dwelling place within. Using this technique . . . they detect and apprehend illegal residents, draft dodgers, deserters, and . . . not infrequently VC infiltrators or suspects."

Practically every branch of police activity is being expanded accordingly—from the national identity card program (7,500,000 cards issued since 1958; 2.5 million more this year, age 14 and up, "to hamper Viet Cong use of youth"); to Resources Control ("regulating the illegal movement of people and supplies to achieve population control"); to police communications (a 12,500-radio village and hamlet network by the end of the year); to the Special Branch, a top-level secret police body roughly equivalent to our FBI. At work training this Gestapo and streamlining its methods of operation are a coterie of retired American cops in the employ of the AID/CIA nexus. Under American aegis, the National Police have grown in strength from roughly 20,000 in 1965 to more than 72,000 by the end of this year (AID projection). That's almost three times as many cops per capita as in the United States, and does not include the numerous other, more powerful agencies of government control.

One of the agencies AID is proudest of is Police Field Forces, the most recent successor to Diem's infamous Combat Police. These *gendarmes*, to quote a report to the President by Robert Komer, the pacification *honcho*, "are targeted against marauding bands of Viet Cong propagandists, tax collectors, kidnappers and killers." But the Field Forces do considerably more than that. "They work just like the PRU boys," said Air Force Lieutenant Colonel Petrovich, the OCO psychological operations officer in Khanh Hoa province. "Their main job is to zap the in-betweeners—you know, the people who aren't all the way with the government and aren't all the way with the VC either. They figure you zap enough in-betweeners and people will begin to get the idea." The Field Forces hope to have at least one company per province by the end of the year.

Working closely with the Field Forces is the Special Branch, which in Komer's words, "carries out an intelligence and operational role against the Viet Cong apparatus." One of their jobs is to man provincial interrogation centers in more than 30 provinces, centers that serve as concentration camps for political prisoners long after their usefulness to the Special Branch has ended.

Under the patronage of a CIA alter-ego known as OSA (Office of the Special Assistant) the detention camp program is being expanded. Most of OSA's construction budget—30 million piastres ($250,000) in the second military region alone—is tied up enlarging existing interrogation centers and building new ones. "We use cut-rate local contractors," said a construction boss at the unmarked OSA compound along the Nha Trang beachfront. "Nothing fancy, just rough camps, but the security's got to be good." As of last June, the blackboard in the bathroom-sized OSA construction office listed current work on provincial interrogation centers at Qui Nhon, Phan Thiet, Phan Rang, Tuy Hoa, Kontum, Pleiku, Ban Me Thuot, Nha Trang, Dalat, as well as two centers in Region III at Song Be and Ham Tan. Next door, at OSA Region II headquarters, an old French villa reconverted to resemble a giant safe, plans were being laid to put these camps to efficient use. The avowed aim of AID's Public Safety Office (and, of course, the covert aim of OSA) is to create a "nationwide network" of "interrogation centers" for the Special Branch.

"We're following General Giap, chapter and verse. The day we have the VC tax collector's head on a spike in the middle of every village in this God-forsaken country, then we'll have a chance to win this war." The terror strategists in Saigon, impressed with the hallowed precedents of successful "counter-insurgency" in Malaya and the Philippines (in reality the triumph of the big payoff and the big iron fist), are tantalized by their own imitation of enemy technique. They seem to ignore the historical evidence that revolutionary techniques do not tend to work in the hands of counterrevolutionaries, or not for long. The French colonels and generals took lessons from Giap, too, but their conscientious attempt to apply them in Algeria was little short of disaster.

Part of the Saigon American's comprehension problem lies in his preoccupation with method, and in his habit of dealing with men as if they were machines. Revealing, by contrast, are two recent examples of "VC terror" in which innocent people died. Last year near Dong Ha, a French Catholic priest stepped on a mine and was killed. The Front promptly assembled his bereaved parishioners, explaining that they were sorry, that it was an accident, that the killing of the priest was not intended. They also pointed out that mines were expensive and that care should be exercised not to set them off. When a bus hit an anti-tank mine recently in one of the northern provinces of South Vietnam, the NLF obliged the bus company to pay the cost of the mine. The company was further told to remind its drivers to keep to the mine-free center of the highway.

[THE FÜHRER'S OWN REVOLUTIONARIES]

Last winter allied troops moved into a "VC village" in the Delta and declared it "secure" for the first time in more than a decade. ARVN provided perimeter security. The National Police sent a contingent. Local security was established and the first pacification workers began puttering at whatever it is they do. And there was the usual small retinue of striding AID officials, military and CIA advisors and house journalists, accomplishing their missions, striving mightily to be self-effacing because "this is a Vietnamese operation." Within a fortnight of the "liberation" of this bewildered village, a black Citroen sedan with police escort pulled into town. It was the landowner, come to collect 15 years' back rent!

AID put out a pamphlet calling for a "full-scale social revolution" in South Vietnam. During the winter, about the time our landlord was dunning his long-lost tenants for all that rice, Premier Ky issued this statement: "We still have a great deal of corruption and social injustice, and I know well that the only way you can eliminate communism is by a social revolution." He also announced that more than a million *hectares* of land had been redistributed to new owners, including "peasants who toiled on the land but had to give most of the proceeds to absentee landlords." There were even pictures of Ky handing out the deeds to smiling, misty-eyed peasants. The deeds are probably decorating the walls of a lot of peasant huts, but that's the closest most of those people will get to

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owning the land they were promised—unless, perhaps, their villages become "insecure" and the Front takes over.

Ky's paper land reform and all the talk about social revolution sprang ultimately from the famous Ky-Johnson summit at Honolulu in February 1966. Johnson winked, and laid down the law: the only way to defeat a revolution is to make one yourself. Ky blinked, and said he would. The result was new impetus to a program of Revolutionary Development (RD), bigger and better than all the pacification programs that had preceded it, they said.

Rev Dev, as the program is colloquially known, was nursed to its present stage of maturity by the CIA, which officially relinquished control last year but still plays an operational role. OSA provides most of the financing. CIA advisors are still at work at the Vung Tau training center, and in the field.

The RD program is organized around 59-man, all-Vietnamese teams, which are sent into hamlets to root out Front cadres and to implant their own "infrastructure" in its stead. The prerequisite for its success is security. That's the password these days—security. AID official Tom Naughton put it this way: "All Revolutionary Development activity is under the military now, and the rationale is sound. Nation building can move only as fast as there is security. You can't separate killing the VC from winning the people."

"Security" covers a lot of ground. It means road security, considerably worse now than a year ago. It also means the assortment of government troops that protect an RD hamlet from attacks by the Front (if they don't run away), who steal from the peasants, rape their daughters and terrorize for thrills on a scale unheard of even in Diem's time. But security is especially used as a euphemism for the business end of pacification, as another word for murder, torture, internment.

Of the standard 59-man RD team, 34 are armed cadres, the "action element," with a mission similar to that of the PRU and Police Field Forces. "Census grievance" personnel move from house to house in the hamlet gathering information on the Front cadre and sympathizers, under the supervision of an intelligence officer assigned to the team. Finally, there are the political officer and his "motivation and propaganda" men, and maybe four or five cadres assigned, theoretically, to rural reconstruction. As AID says, "a full-scale social revolution is not likely to explode" until there is "security."

Cao Ngoc Phuong, a 29-year-old former botany teacher active in the Buddhist Struggle Movement, does not approve of the NLF practice of assassinating RD cadres. "But I do know that the 'Revolutionary Development' teams are very much detested by the people," she said in an interview. "They are nothing but spies and secret policemen. They don't do anything for the people. They have no ideal. Every Vietnamese knows that those secret police wouldn't be there without the Americans."

About 40,000 of these glorified junior G-men have been turned loose in the hamlets, although there are nowhere near that many in the field today. A 25 per cent defection rate is considered normal, and not surprising: the Front killed 218 of them in the first four months of this year alone. The RD training center at Vung Tau reminds one of descriptions of Hitler's Strength-through-Joy camps, only in a vastly different setting. Black pajama-clad trainees, most of them youngsters who joined to avoid the draft, stand in battalion formation and recite, at the barked command of an instructor, the 98 Duties, the 11-point Criteria, the 12 Phases of Action. Periodically they sing a ditty called, "New Life Hamlet Construction," which has 12 stanzas (corresponding to the 12 Phases of Action) and 98 notes (symbolizing the 98 Duties). Political instruction alternates with a heavy dose of military training.

[THE CONCENTRATION CAMPS]

A JEEP FULL OF AMERICANS barrels past a forlorn looking Vietnamese guard into the district chief's compound at Phu Cat, and pulls up beside the outbuilding housing the U.S. advisory team. Inside, an Army major is waiting to brief the new arrivals, already stabbing his swagger stick at a profusely annotated 1:25,000 map of Binh Dinh province.

"Now this area," he says seriously, jabbing at the map, "we thought we had it sanitized. Well, we did for a while, had it just as clean as a hospital floor. Then we pulled out and it deteriorated. Charles moved back in there, and now we have to resanitize it. And believe me, we're not pulling out this time, not until this place is as sterile as a surgeon's hands." Pausing only to acknowledge the ripple of forced appreciation, the major proceeds: "Now in this area the ROK Cav [Korean troops] has been taking a lot of casualties from ambushes, mines and booby traps, which brings me to the heart of the matter—security. That's Priority One. Without that we can't get on with our other programs such as infrastructure destruction, revolutionary development and so forth. . . . Security is not possible here as long as the population remains in their villages: the VC owned this province for too long. To take a leaf from Mao Tse-tung's Red Book, we've got to deprive the fish of the sea to swim in. Now, the Koreans say the only way to accomplish their mission is to go in and get the people out of there, and then go in after the hard core. We agree. And that's where you people come in, whether you're Refugee Division, Psy Ops, Rev Dev or what not. Because once the area is sanitized, most of these refugees—after the VC suspects are weeded out—many of them will be going back to their villages, hopefully, and we can start really moving on our nation-building type programs. Well, that's it for the broad brush. Are there any questions?"

The major, if it can be believed, is a fairly typical, middle-echelon official in the new military pacification program. But only one who had not seen the physical and moral carnage these officials are creating could be tempted not to take them seriously. No one who had seen the refugee camps—the rows of rectangular concrete barracks, unfurnished; the bodies malnourished even by Vietnamese standards; the garbage in a dry well; the women and children and old men clustering about one another in the dust, with no work and nothing to do; and often, the barbed wire and armed guards barring exit—could be indifferent to the Americans who created them.

"*We're going to dig Vietnam up by the rice roots and replant it, if necessary, until their infrastructure is totally destroyed.*"

Of course, *all* the camps aren't that bad; some are quite nice. *All* the refugees aren't led to the camps at gunpoint; quite a few come voluntarily for a handout, after American bombs or Korean flamethrowers have splintered their villages and torn up their land and source of livelihood. They're not *all* concentration camps, with concertina wire and government informers and torture rooms for segregated suspects; a few have none of these conveniences. At some camps internees are al-

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lowed to wander out during the day to fetch rice and water or look for work; many of them never come back. If fields are accessible, internees in a "liberal" camp may be allowed to work there under escort until nightfall, when guards lead them back to the camp. There are, very definitely, two sides to the refugee question.

"*Remove the people from the guerrillas, turn the area into a free fire zone and shoot anything that moves.*"

At least one out of every eight civilians in the rural areas is a "refugee"—1,801,000 in the three years ending in March, by official count, and that includes only those processed through the camps. Others flee to the rabbit-warren slums of the cities or find a family closer to home willing to put them up. Some estimates go as high as one "refugee" for every five rural dwellers, and by March of next year there will be half a million more. Even "resettlement" is a euphemism. A hundred thousand a year have returned to their ruined villages, 190,000 a year to hastily-erected shanty towns in "secure" areas—where they can be watched. The rest remain herded in "temporary" camps, makeshift affairs under tents or canopies, which may become "permanent" camps with the advent of concrete barracks and other amenities.

The camps are run by the Saigon government, and much of the $40 million a year the U.S. earmarks for "refugee relief" is funneled, if that's the word, through provincial authorities. "The Vietnamese provide ten piastres a day per person, about eight cents, to buy rice with, if rice is available," says Sammy Radow, OCO refugee officer in Region II. "If the market is short on rice, as it is about half the time, rice is distributed." Much of the time internees receive neither the ten piastres a day nor the rice, nor the clothing, supplies and materials for camp improvement that AID provides. Provincial officials prefer to pocket the cash and sell the goods on the inflated market. How the internees survive is their secret, and nobody's concern.

One reason for the tremendous recent influx of "refugees" is that it reflects a change in policy. Perhaps in mute recognition that the enemy is the people, our leaders have chosen to reenact Diem's savage, pitiful experiments in resettling the population. "Forcible removal of refugees," said an Army captain named Robinson, engaged in pacifying the Iron Triangle, "that's been the trend in the last year." OCO chief Wade Lathram says there is "no overall policy of creating refugees to deny the people to the enemy," although "in selected instances it has been found desirable—to resettle them by force, that is." The selected instances have been growing in frequency. A year ago during Operation Irving, Korean troops scoured the Phu Cat mountain area and evicted some 40,000 people from their homes, according to Radow. A few escaped; the rest were corraled in temporary camps. Last January a ROK operation in Phu Yen province "produced" 13,200 refugees.

The same month, in Operation Cedar Falls, more than 6000 peasants in the Iron Triangle, a Front stronghold, were hustled out and penned up in a camp like cattle. Their villages were razed and the area was declared a free kill zone. It was an orgy of killing, burning, bulldozing, resettling, mass demolition, but curiously, there was not a single major contact with the enemy. To compensate, the Americans stressed such victories as the seizure of "enough rice to feed 10,000 VC for a year." Unable to transport all that rice conveniently, they burned it. Before the Iron Triangle sweep was launched, civilians were warned, briefly, by leaflets and aerial loudspeakers, that anyone remaining in the area would be considered "VC" and shot on sight. But for one reason or another, no more than half the civilians in the 40 square mile Triangle were evacuated —some because they hadn't heard, others because they wanted to stay, still others because they or their relatives were with the Front. I talked with a hard-looking young captain of the 173rd Airborne Brigade who took part in the operation. The captain, who asked that his name be withheld, estimated that despite the evacuation, almost half the casualties inflicted by the massive U.S. air strikes and ground fire were "simple villagers—VC sympathizers, probably, but not hard-core. You can't tell, of course, but women and kids—I don't know, I just never think of them as hard-core. . . ."

The pattern was repeated last April and May, when 15,000 residents of hamlets in and just below the demilitarized zone were ordered to resettle to the south near Cam Lo. A number of families refused to leave when the trucks came to take them away. It would soon be harvest time, and their rice fields were thick with grain. The Americans responded by hitting the offending villages with rockets and bombs, napalm and machine-gun fire. Among the "refugees" evacuated two days later were an old woman and a six-year-old girl lying in a shelter, roasted by napalm and helpless in their pain.

Given the "forcible removal" policy, it is not surprising that practically all the camps contain a large number of Front workers or sympathizers. The Americans, however, have not given up hope of "converting" the refugees and Front fighters. A recent report of the Refugee Division states: "The potential importance of refugees as a resource to the government, and as a resource denied to the VC, is not yet fully appreciated by many officials. . . . With their many contacts in VC-held areas, knowledgeable, satisfied refugees also have great potential for the Chieu Hoi program in encouraging defectors from the VC ranks." The Chieu Hoi (Open Arms) program brought in 20,000 "VC defectors" in 1966; an official working in the program estimated that fewer than five per cent of these "defectors" were more than occasional combatants and practically none were "hard-core."

The "change-of-heart" of a returnee is often heralded with a ceremony, like the one the Koreans staged last spring at Phu Cat. The captive audience, conscripted from a refugee camp and a nearby village, stood impassively as the ten "returnees" filed up to the rostrum to shake the hands and receive the fulsome praise of Korean and South Vietnamese officers. One read a long, prepared recantation. Each received a small packet of money and a bag of rice, phlegmatically, with a curt nod of the head. An Air Force major in civilian clothes, pistol strapped to his belt, rushed around taking pictures for a leaflet he was preparing on the event. "We'll get a lot of mileage out of this one," he said. "Psy Ops, you know. We'll hit the hard core up in the An Lao Valley."

A few days later I went back to Phu Cat with an interpreter to talk with some of those returnees. Two of them said a district official had demanded, and received, half their money and two-thirds of their rice. My interpreter, whose family still lives in the mountains where the Front is strong, asked me simply, "What do you think of Vietnamese freedom?" There was defiance, suddenly, in his face. I recognized it. It was that Yankee-Go-Home look. You know.

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...reas Papandreou

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Prelude

I PERSONALLY GOT INVOLVED in the affairs of Greece when Andreas Papandreou failed to keep a dinner date. Last winter a friend persuaded me to make a tour of Greece. So I wrote Andreas in Athens and suggested we meet when I got there. Fine, come have dinner, he wrote. Fine, except that his letter arrived on April 22, about ten hours after he had been jailed and political life and freedom were stifled in Greece.

Andreas was in prison, his life was in danger, and I joined a committee among an infinity of committees dedicated to bringing freedom to Greece and saving the life of a Keynesian, suddenly alleged to be a communist.

Naturally, the rhetoric of the coup was anti-communist. Naturally, its weaponry was American. Naturally, the people who wanted to save Greek democracy felt frustrated as stories began to appear that the Johnson Administration would probably resume military aid because, in our official "support juntas" rhetoric, "this new government was moving toward a constitutional government." (Not one reputable observer supports this view.) Meanwhile, Andreas sat in jail. Worse, so did 6000 others (some estimates make it 12,000). Due process? To this day no charges have been levied. Merely press releases saying that it's all for the good of the Greek people, to save them from communism, corruption and immorality.

So I took my tour. I wanted to see for myself. What I saw I didn't like. The Greek cafes were silent. Politics, once the favorite oral sport, had become taboo. Too many items were appearing daily that so-and-so was arrested "for spreading false rumors" or "for remarks against the King or a member of the junta." The midnight arrests, the rigid censorship, the banning of popular Greek music, of classical Greek drama, made these comic dictators anything but comic.

It had been rumored that the King and the U.S. had a long-standing deal: "You help me keep my throne, and I'll keep Greece in NATO for you." (NATO, of course, is the key to American interest in Greek politics.) The King was threatened by the Papandreous—especially young, popular Andreas. Certainly Andreas would replace his aging father as Prime Minister if the Papandreous' popular Center Union Party won the national elections set for May 28th. Andreas was out to eradicate the political and economic oligarchy of which the monarchy was an integral part, for which the monarchy relied on the military, for which the military relied on the U.S.—all for NATO. A charming circle, if you aren't concerned with what the Greek people themselves might want.

As early as 1964, when Andreas' charismatic leadership became evident, the plot against him was set in motion—as the testimony which follows makes clear.

So when the May 28th elections drew near and Andreas Papandreou's popularity remained strong, it became apparent that he had to be cut off. A coup was therefore in the making. A propaganda base had been laid: Andreas was a pro-communist; he might take Greece out of NATO. U.S. officialdom was prepared for Andreas to go. Even the American public had been tempered by that eminent cold warrior, C. L. Sulzberger, who filled the precious New York Times editorial page space with a pro-royalist line. The King said, through Mr. Sulzberger, that Papandreou was oriented to the Soviet bloc and would take Greece out of NATO. Besides, Mr. Sulzberger wrote, Andreas was an "arrogant, ambitious power seeker increasingly linked to the far left," and was engaged in a "left conspiracy to take over the Armed Forces."

(The Times departed from its usually high journalistic standards by failing to point out that Mr. Sulzberger's wife is closely related to the Greek royalty.)

But with all that groundwork laid, the "official" coup got couped! An even more irresponsible group of military made their move first, and today Greece is not in the hands of an anti-democratic King with U.S. support, but rather a radical fascist clique. Even though Constantine's position is insecure with this gang, he came hat-in-hand to Washington seeking military aid for the junta in a disgusting effort to protect his own throne. The King is a weakling.

In mid-July I learned from unimpeachable sources that a Greek, claiming to be one of the junta's main witnesses against Papandreou, was in Paris and that he and another key witness, who remained in Athens, had decided to reverse their strategic testimony, which had been given under duress and direction to perjure themselves. The man in Paris was Kyriakos Diakogannis, a journalist, and the witness still in Athens was Andreas Vachliotis, a lawyer. Their stories follow.

On July 22nd I went to Paris to meet these witnesses. On a subsequent trip to Montreal, I then confirmed that they were indeed the "secret evidence" that the junta was counting on using against Papandreou. Their decision to reverse their testimony would rock the junta and hopefully keep Andreas from rotting—or hanging—in the junta's jails.

The story of how RAMPARTS came to obtain their testimony can only be told most generally here. Many other Greeks, as well as some Americans, would be personally jeopardized and find their effectiveness diminished if their names were revealed now. Among the Americans who have played the most constructive roles are some close to the White House. However, the American Embassy in Athens has known this story since July, and chose to sit on its hands.

The Greeks felt that their stories should be made public to give the American people some insight into the quality of this gang called the junta to whose government we are on the verge of providing more military aid.

The stories had to be kept secret until this publication because it was assumed that large and influential parts of U.S. officialdom were not, to put it mildly, sympathetic with Papandreou. More important, the junta must not learn they had lost their key witnesses.

Much to my surprise, I became increasingly satisfied that the CIA was not strategically involved in the coup. I remain quite confident that at a minimum they were "aware" of the King's plans for a coup—but that coup never occurred because the junta moved first. The CIA was beaten at its own game.

In Greece today, King Constantine with U.S. support is anti-democratic enough. The junta with U.S. support will be catastrophic. The testimony of the two Greeks that follows will, I hope, serve to prevent that catastrophe.

—Stanley K. Sheinbaum

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The Testimony of Andreas Vachliotis

IT WAS SIX P.M. on September 6, 1966 when, in the custody of three gun-bearing KYP (the Greek "CIA") agents, I entered the empty corridors of the court in Athens. I was being taken to the public prosecutor Tarassouleas, to give "testimony" against Andreas Papandreou.

I am a man who was jailed by the Germans and who escaped to join the Allied forces fighting Nazism. Today, fascists are again in control of Greece, and it was for the purpose of fighting fascism once more that I left Greece and came to the United States to tell my story.

My story is of importance only because it is part of the story of Andreas Papandreou, Greece's leading democrat, who is now in jail and cannot speak on his own behalf. Papandreou was imprisoned by Greece's new military rulers because they found his liberal democratic beliefs threatening. He has committed no crimes, although he faces trumped-up charges of treason. My main purpose in telling this story is to make it clear that the military junta's charges against Andreas Papandreou are totally fabricated. These charges rest largely on a "confession" I made about alleged subversive activities by Papandreou. This confession was extracted from me under pressure, and it is totally false. It is perjured testimony, and it would have no influence in any court in any truly just land. Papandreou is an honest patriot, and the Greek junta's attempts to conjure up a case against him is a vile misdeed.

Like Papandreou, I come from a family which has long been active in Greek politics. My father was a general in the Greek Army and later a Member of Parliament, and, in the early 1950's, Minister of the Interior. In the calmer times before the recent coup, I practiced law in Athens. Both Papandreou and I were members of the Center Union Party, a coalition of liberal and social democrat groups whose politics are akin to those of the British Labor Party.

This story really begins in Paris in June 1964, where I was spending my vacation. Andreas Papandreou had just become Minister of Coordination (the highest-ranking post in the Greek government after Prime Minister) in the cabinet of his father, Prime Minister George Papandreou. In Paris that June, Papandreou, his father and a number of other government officials were on their way back to Greece from a trip to the United States. Andreas Papandreou, having spent 20 years as an economics professor at American universities, was totally naive about the intricacies of Greek politics. He is a staunch democrat, a respected economist and an honest man, but because of his political inexperience, I was very much afraid of the maneuvers other Greek politicians were plotting behind his back. Before leaving Greece for my vacation, I had heard about various moves old-time reactionary politicians were planning against him (maneuvers which resulted in a frame-up that forced him out of the government a year later), and I was worried for him. I went to see him at the Hotel Crillon in Paris. I told him about some of the things that I had heard, and I'm pleased to say that on some points he took my advice and got rid of several government officials who were incompetent or plotting against him. I remained in Paris, but Andreas returned to Greece. We remained in touch. He asked me to put some of my ideas into writing, and during the month of July I wrote him a number of memoranda.

It was one of these memoranda which was later to be used as a pretext for putting Papandreou in jail. I wrote it on the 26th of July and flew to Athens and gave it to him the next day. It was seven typed pages on yellowish paper, and it is now in the hands of Greek judicial authorities. What this memorandum basically said was that Papandreou, to protect himself and establish his father's government firmly in control, should undertake "the creation of an organization to control the mechanism of the Greek state, both inside and outside the country," to preempt control from agents of the fascist-leaning military and secret police. I further recommended, in that proposal, the "*gradual* replacement" of the military chiefs of staff, as well as the heads of the police, gendarmerie and the multitude of secret police organizations, including KYP which, from all evidence, were actively engaged in undermining Papandreou's government. It should be noted that there was not the faintest suggestion, either in my proposals or in any of my talks with Andreas Papandreou, that the replacement of key officials should be accompanied by violence or imprisonment —as KYP and the junta were later to allege. Those are the junta's methods, but certainly not Papandreou's.

BEFORE GOING ON with my story I want to say a few words about KYP. KYP was founded in 1950—its purpose to be roughly comparable to that of the American CIA which, incidentally, helped start KYP. Nominally, KYP's activities are supposed to be limited strictly to dealing with direct threats to the internal security of Greece. But, in fact, KYP has grown considerably during the years since it was founded, has infiltrated its own agents into many branches of the government and the Armed Forces, and has *itself* become a major threat to the security of Greek democracy. Although the recent coup in Greece is usually thought of as a military coup, most of the people behind the scenes, and not a few of the prominent Army officers themselves, are KYP agents. KYP was in fact planning the coup and laying the groundwork for at least three years before it actually took place.

That KYP was out to destroy Papandreou is very clear to me. Takis Apostolopoulos, a key KYP agent, told me just a few days before the coup that he "would give my right arm to get Andreas Papandreou." Major Evangelos Tsakas, now a special counselor to Minister of the Prime Ministry Papadopoulos, also said to me that Papandreou "ought to have been killed that same night of the coup. We should get rid of him."

I know that KYP has been plotting against Andreas Papandreou for several years, because in June of 1966 the KYP agent Apostolopoulos, known to me then by the name Varikopoulos, came to me and said that he wanted the copies of the memoranda I had prepared for Andreas two years before. I told him that I had the documents but that there was nothing in them that was of any interest to him. The agent asked me to give him the documents. I told him that they were private correspondence and none of his business. He told me that in the investigation of Papandreou, already underway for two years, there were materials incriminating me, too. He then threatened to get a search warrant, and told me things would be difficult for me if I did not cooperate. I finally gave in and said I would permit KYP to make copies of the memoranda, provided the originals were returned to me.

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So the agent took me to the KYP building in Athens. It is an inconspicuous-looking five-story building at 20 Bouboulina Street, about a mile from downtown Athens. You enter through an alleyway and go up to the third floor in an old-fashioned elevator. The offices are very small. They took the memoranda away from me into a room where I was told there was a photocopy machine. Ten minutes later several KYP agents returned and told me, "We have decided to keep the documents and not give them back to you. You can go." I had been tricked.

Of course, the next thing I did was try to warn Andreas Papandreou. I could not reach him, so I left a note for him with the gendarme guarding his front door. In retrospect, it seems to me that that may have been a foolish thing to do, for I later learned that KYP had infiltrated its agents into a number of positions in Papandreou's household, and that at one point even Papandreou's personal messenger boy was a KYP agent. The boy used to take all of Andreas' outgoing mail to the KYP office, where it was photocopied before being sent on its way. So I don't know whether he ever received my note.

From here on, everything that happened to me seems more and more a nightmare. When KYP saw that in my memorandum to Andreas I had recommended replacing the heads of a number of government agencies, including KYP, they were very angry, and I am afraid that this renewed their decision to "get" Andreas at all costs. KYP agent Apostolopoulos came to me again and told me that they wanted me to write down everything that had happened between myself and Andreas Papandreou in 1964. I did so, making clear that I thought he was an honest man, and a democrat, who would do the right thing for Greece.

Apostolopoulos threatened me with being charged as an accomplice and subjected to lengthy imprisonment. Facing that charge and the warning that unpleasant things might happen to my wife and son, I agreed to sign a document prepared by them. It claimed that Andreas Papandreou was about to organize a *coup d'état* by a group of dissatisfied young officers, that he was planning to remove the King, and to take Greece out of NATO, and that he was in general guilty of pro-communist sympathies and treasonous activities.

Of course, none of the charges were true. Papandreou is an innocent man. The charges against him are complete fabrications—made on the basis of my forced, perjured testimony.

It was the end of August 1966 when the Public Prosecutor's office ordered me to present myself on September 3 at five p.m. to give formal testimony. I did not go. I hid in the home of a friend, but the next day another friend contacted me and told me that the entire KYP apparatus was looking for me, and that I must go and testify. On the 6th day of September at six p.m., the three armed KYP agents took me to the Public Prosecutor's office, where I gave perjured testimony. Several months later, on February 2, 1967, as part of the judicial routine, I had to repeat that testimony to Judge of Instruction Socratides, who examined all witnesses against Papandreou.

KYP had me trapped. I found myself caught in a web from which I could not escape. In July 1966, KYP forced me to go to Paris (followed there and back by a KYP agent) to bring back to Athens my friend Kyriakos Diakogiannis. The KYP agents who had read my original memoranda to Papandreou had seen Diakogiannis' name mentioned, and, grasping at all possible straws, they wanted to use him to build their false case against Papandreou. They were desperate for any kind of information they could twist into "evidence." They needed a second witness to firm up my deposition.

So eager was KYP to insure that its two prize "witnesses" against Papandreou did not slip away or change their stories, that KYP used then Prime Minister of Greece, Stefane Stefanopoulos, to put further pressure on us. On August 25, we were taken to the Prime Minister's office in Athens by KYP agent Apostolopoulos at 8:45 in the evening. Stefanopoulos, a weak and ineffective man, whose government was already thoroughly infiltrated by KYP, was obviously a pawn of KYP. He talked to each of us privately for half an hour or so, grilling us on our stories, making sure we stuck to the facts he wanted to hear. He said that he relied on my patriotism to defend Greece from someone who was determined to destroy it.

Both Judge Socratides and Apostolopoulos told me later that it was on the basis of my perjured testimony, and that of Diakogiannis, that Papandreou was arrested during the coup. At 2:30 a.m. on April 21, 1967, Greek Army soldiers broke into Papandreou's house in Athens, threatened his American wife and his children at gunpoint, and arrested him. He has been in jail ever since, charged with "conspiracy to commit treason against the regime and the state," and he is scheduled to be tried on these trumped-up charges shortly. His jailers do not want to execute him, for he would become a martyr, but many of us fear he might die in one of those mysterious "accidents" that sometimes dispose of embarrassing political prisoners. To this day he has never been permitted private conversation with his lawyers, a basic legal right of any prisoner.

THE KYP AGENTS who constitute the real power behind the junta thought they had me under their control because I had been willing to sign a false "confession." They thought I was pliable enough to work for the new regime. I was offered a number of jobs by the new government, and at one point Lt. Col. John Paleologos, director of the Prime Minister's staff, wanted me to be Minister of Press and Information.

I received this kid-glove treatment for one main reason: the junta and KYP knew that the false testimony of myself and Diakogiannis is the only thing that they have against Papandreou. Other so-called "witnesses" have testified to his alleged misdeeds, but their evidence is so full of holes that it would look ridiculous in court. Some of it has already been made public, but no one takes it seriously. Thus Diakogiannis and I were central to the junta's plans, and they wanted to treat us well.

But my real concern was to get to the outside world and bring attention to the fate of my friend Andreas Papandreou. I left for Paris in August of this year, letting KYP think I was going there on its behalf, to spy on a conference of Greek democrats in exile. I did not go back. KYP probably thought they could insure my return to Greece by forbidding my wife and son to leave Greece with me. But, through the cooperation of a friend who must remain anonymous, I was able to have my wife and son secretly picked up by a chartered airplane and flown to Paris to join me four days later. We all hope to live in the U.S. until the time comes when I know that I can return to Greece freely. I lost my house, my job and virtually everything I owned by leaving Greece and revealing these facts.

It goes almost without saying that the Greek military junta's charges that its takeover was necessary to prevent the country from falling to the communists, is utterly false. The commu-

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nists, at the most, have the support of six or seven per cent of the Greek electorate, and they are not a serious factor in Greek politics. The enemy of the right-wing military and secret police officers was Andreas Papandreou and the liberal democracy which he represents. KYP has won now, and won big. KYP agents are in power throughout the new government. Two of the most important are Lt. Col. Roufogalis, who is in charge of "interior security," and Lt. Col. Protopapas of Espionage and Counter-espionage. These men hold military rank, but in actuality are KYP agents. Another important KYP agent in the new government is Maj. Evangelos Tsakas, the man who advocated murdering Papandreou on the night of the coup and who now keeps members of the junta under surveillance for KYP.

Other KYP personnel were members of the original revolutionary committee that organized the coup. Besides Paleologos, Tsakas and Roufogalis, they include Capt. Kefalas and Lt. Col. Protopapas. Another tie binding KYP to the junta is Rose Pattakos, daughter of one of the four members of the junta, who was private secretary to the head of KYP, General Kyriakos Papageorgopoulos before the coup. There are many more KYP colleagues in high government positions.

There are good indications that the CIA knew about KYP's plan for a coup, and may have given KYP some small aid along the way. Paleologos told me in his private office on April 24, just three days after the coup, that the U.S. government did not know anything about the coup's coming, but other U.S. "sources" did help the junta with the coup. When I asked him whether he meant the CIA, he just smiled and answered: "Let's not use names. . . ." However, American and Greek leftists should not delude themselves into thinking that the entire coup was a CIA plot. It was a plot by Greece's combination CIA/FBI, and it is this sinister agency—KYP—grown in power far beyond reason, that must bear the responsibility for the death of democracy in Greece.

An attitude typical of these men is that of Royal Air Force Colonel Skarmaliorakis, a member of the Revolutionary Committee and now Chief of Civil Aviation, who said to me in Paleologos' office on April 29th last, "We will run this country the way we like it. To hell with Americans and Jews. We will show them who we really are." Like all fascists, Greece's military rulers must govern by the use of lies, and it is to expose some of their most important lies that I have told this story. In the name of the war which both our countries fought against fascism, and in the name of the parliamentary democracy which first grew up in my country and later flourished in yours, I appeal to all Americans to work to restore democracy in the land once known as its cradle.

The Testimony of Kyriakos Diakogiannis

MY INVOLVEMENT IN THE FRAME-UP of Andreas Papandreou began in June of 1964, when I was introduced to Andreas Vachliotis, an Athens lawyer and friend of Papandreou. After a series of long discussions, Mr. Vachliotis and I agreed that in Papandreou resided the best hope for the renaissance of Greek democracy, and together we drafted, at Papandreou's request, a number of proposed reforms in various areas of Greek political life. These reports were written on my typewriter, in the Paris office of the Greek emigre journal Patris, of which I was editor and publisher. Some were sent to Papandreou by mail; one, I personally delivered to his house in Athens. Several of these documents fell into the hands of KYP.

One document in particular, drafted by Mr. Vachliotis and myself, is the principal reason why Mr. Papandreou is now in prison facing a possible death penalty for treason. I recall the contents of the document almost word for word, since the secret police "refreshed my memory" of it only a year ago; I can say that Mr. Vachliotis has described it accurately.

In the summer of 1965 the Papandreou government was overthrown, and we watched with apprehension the gathering storm. In the meantime, the reputation of my newspaper continued to grow, and in March of 1966 I was appointed press attache at the Greek delegation to the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development in Paris. Then in July of that year, a rather distracted Mr. Vachliotis contacted me in Paris, indicating that "certain persons" had expressed strong interest in the proposals we had written for Papandreou two years before.

In August I returned to Athens, where Vachliotis introduced me to a KYP agent, Takis Apostolopoulos, who promptly ushered us into the office of Premier Stefanopoulos. The Prime Minister said KYP was apprised of everything that had taken place between Papandreou, Vachliotis and myself, and told us to confirm it in a formal statement before a judge. He said, "You know very well, Mr. Diakogiannis, that when a country has to choose between the existence of a man and the security of the state, the man doesn't count for much."

After an interrogation and briefing by Takis and Major Tsakas of KYP, I gave a sworn statement before a Judge of Instruction, recounting the events exactly as they had occurred —with one important difference. I was also asked to attest that Vachliotis had related to me a conversation between himself and Papandreou, in which the latter had purportedly advocated the use of violent means to eliminate his opposition. Mr. Vachliotis had never told me anything of the sort. In their search for treasonable "evidence" against Papandreou, KYP was obliging us to perjure ourselves, with thinly veiled threats to our persons and those of our families. Remembering the experiences of my father, who had been in the secret police, I knew full well what they were capable of.

The imaginary conversation to which I attested went in substance like this:

PAPANDREOU (reading our proposal to replace key military and police officials with trustworthy men): But you haven't said *how* this should be accomplished.

VACHLIOTIS: Gradually, after careful selection . . .

PAPANDREOU (smiling ironically): This kind of affair only succeeds when the heads begin to roll . . .

I was later assured by KYP agents, Takis and others, that my perjured testimony and that of Mr. Vachliotis were the secret foundation stones of the state's case against Papandreou, to be sprung on an unsuspecting defense at his impending trial.

I left Athens for the last time on July 10, 1967, to escape from the threats of KYP, determined now to do all in my power to right the wrongs done to Andreas Papandreou as a result of my unwilling testimony, extracted under pressure by the Greek secret police.

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The House of Synanon

[I. FUN AND GAMES]

"The Game isn't therapy; it's fun. It's like playing tennis. You play for fun, not to develop your leg muscles. But while you're playing and enjoying yourself, your leg muscles may strengthen as a side-effect."—Charles E. Diedrich, founder of Synanon

FOURTEEN PEOPLE TRAIL into the converted bedroom of a Victorian home in San Francisco's chic Presidio Heights district. The house costs $600 a month and is worth it; it is honeycombed with inner sancta, all of which are occupied.

They file in disarray to the coffee urn perking near the fireplace, then choose one of the overstuffed chairs arranged in a circle. Desultory conversation is punctuated by the click of lighters. Ritual hangs palpable in the air. One young man, an obvious newcomer, fingers the orange shag rug.

In the moment between settling down and getting started, some stretch self-consciously. Others look around, trying to decipher faces. A few look smug. They all know each other and wonder who will be first. But the synthetic hierarchy one senses in the room requires that the man at the top of the circle make the first move. He is their king-freak.

A tense young woman two seats away from him, fingers wrestling feebly with each other, looks up at the ceiling and mimics a nonchalant yawn. He notices: "Well, Jane, how have things been with you this week?" The others note that his voice hovers on the outskirts of sarcasm, and they mentally lick their chops. She's it.

Jane hesitates a moment, trying to throw up a defense: "Well . . . alright . . . in fact, pretty good."

The young chemist next to her explodes savagely: "What the hell do you mean 'pretty good?' What sort of shit are you going to give us this week? Can't you be even a little honest?"

As the girl turns to answer him, the woman on her left says: "Yeah, you're all straightened out, are you? Not screwing what's-his-name? That long-haired creep. He's going to marry you maybe, and support you for a change? What the hell are you talking about?"

The chorus continues, getting louder and more abrasive as Jane tries to defend herself, the boyfriend, her sex life. The crescendo builds; her rational-protective shield disappears. She screams back at them and cries, perhaps thankfully. The young student across from her tries to get in one last knife: "Well, Jane, why in Christ's name don't you do something about it, you asshole, instead of sitting here sniveling. You lie to yourself 24 hours a day, then come in here for three hours a week and after looking like a dummy for awhile begin to cry."

He barely has a chance to realize that the game has shifted, before a matronly woman inclines toward him: "You're pretty severe tonight, John. What's the problem? Are you still

by Peter Collier

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worried about your masculinity and taking it out on Jane? She's not trying to get you into bed."

Jane looks at him and begins to smile a little. There are still two hours and 45 minutes left.

One television network calls it "the most adult game." It is the most exportable and exciting commodity that Synanon Foundation—the organization founded nine years ago by Charles Diedrich to deal with drug addiction—has.

Working on their own and each others' problems, addicts find themselves growing up. Known by a variety of names—from "small 's' synanons" to "attack therapy"—these group sessions have been subjected to Synanon's ever-changing semantic environment and are now called simply The Game.

Diedrich found that by structuring the stereotyped group therapy session, something vital and dynamic could be achieved; that by getting a dozen or so people together and letting them not only air their grievances against each other, but "dump all their emotional garbage on the table," surprising behavioral changes occurred. All the defenses an ex-addict used to justify his former destructive behavior—usually psychiatric clichés blaming family and childhood—were broken down by the alternating vicious attacks and formal caresses of the group, some of whom functioned as "role-models" for the newcomer. "I was once like you," these role-models (or "king-freaks") say, "and now look how differently I behave."

The fact that addicts are, in effect, sociopaths, allows the techniques of The Game to work quite well. The group shames childish behavior; it provides the crucible for a learning experience; by breaking down the addicts' obdurate narcissism, it somehow "socializes" them into a realization of the needs and, in fact, the being of others.

The Game, however, is not restricted to "sociopaths." Jane and John are not former drug addicts. They're "squares"—normal middle-class citizens living in the professional world. They were playing that variation of The Game called "square games." And playing with the zealousness of new converts, often sadistically.

Many squares have given up the slow process of psychiatry for the fun of The Game. Resembling members of the flagellant sects of the Middle Ages as much as history allows, they are among the vanguard of the mass of unacknowledged patients that fill the modern world.

It would seem unlikely that Synanon has the leisure and facilities to extend its techniques to society at large, since many addicts still roam the streets. But it has. Over a thousand dues-paying squares now play The Game in Reno, San Diego, Santa Monica, San Francisco and New York. As many are on the waiting list, clamoring for admission.

Thereby hangs a tale.

[II. THE MIRACLES]

Mr. President, there is indeed a miracle on the beach at Santa Monica.—SENATOR THOMAS DODD

TEN YEARS AGO, Chuck Diedrich was just another failure fleeing the bondage of a miscellaneously ruined life into the jerry-built Canaan of Southern California. He was a 43-year-old loser with no promises left to keep, an ex-alcoholic who had, by his own admission, wasted more human and material wealth than most men ever have to spend. Retreating to the brassy warmth of Santa Monica's beach, with its perpetually volleyballing boys and girls, he found an apartment small enough to leave some of his $33 a week unemployment check for spartan meals, generally philosophical paperbacks, cigarettes and coffee. As he says in the rasping, stylized voice that is unconsciously parodied by practically everyone in his organization, "I came out here to die."

But now, lounging in his office-apartment in Synanon's new multi-unit complex in Santa Monica—somewhat improbably called the "Cloverfield Biltmore" and only one of the latest of several Synanon properties—Diedrich expansively waves his chain-lit Camel with a founder's sense of prerogative. Dying is no longer uppermost in his mind. Nor should it be, for as he gestures toward the swimming pool outside his window surrounded by homogeneously neat and cheerful ex-drug addicts and "character disorders," Diedrich can talk about the 62-unit "clump" being part of the "life style" of Synanon's multi-million dollar future. "We already have our own school for our children," he says, "and someday soon we'll have a Synanon City." The future he and his followers visualize no longer belongs to the organization which had revolutionary success in making addicts forget about narcotics; it is rather the future of what everyone connected with Synanon views as "a social movement," usually adding the codicil, "of immense significance."

All Synanists agree that "Synanon is happening." They dwell on the potential in Synanon's fledgling industries—pencils and markers, Texaco and Gulf Oil franchises, exclusive distribution of handcrafted Indian rugs, and soon laundromats and used car sales; they discuss the new vistas opened by the hundreds of non-resident "squares" who have become totally involved in Synanon through The Game.

But even though the future looms large, Synanists don't neglect the past. They look back with religious awe on the series of coincidences that helped Diedrich parlay his unemployment check into Synanon. That moment at which the organization really gained its own identity and direction—known in Synanon lore as "The Big Cop-out" because it involved a total catharsis in which everyone finally came "clean" and decided to regard the Foundation as something more than a momentary personal sanctuary—is now celebrated as a sort of national religious holiday by its members. On July 20, all Synanists, including returning "graduates," wear the rubber "flip-flops" which were in vogue nine years ago on Southern California beaches. They all watch a pair of dark glasses being smashed to pieces, a symbolic reenactment of freedom from the ritual life leading to narcotics. As a high point in the pageant, one of the older Synanon members who was present on the night of The Cop-out is invited to describe it once more for the newer members of the organization. This and other portions of the edited version of Synanon's history are preserved on tapes called "Synanon Archive Productions" made by the Audio-visual Department.

The awe Synanists feel for their organization, its rituals and accomplishments, is simply a part of the reverence they feel for Diedrich himself. "There was Jesus Christ, Mohammed and Chuck Diedrich," says Chester Stern, director of the east coast facility at an exclusive address on Manhattan's Riverside Drive. Dan Garrett, director of the San Francisco house, says more obtusely but with no less feeling: "Chuck has I guess what you would call 'cosmic consciousness.' He's one of the

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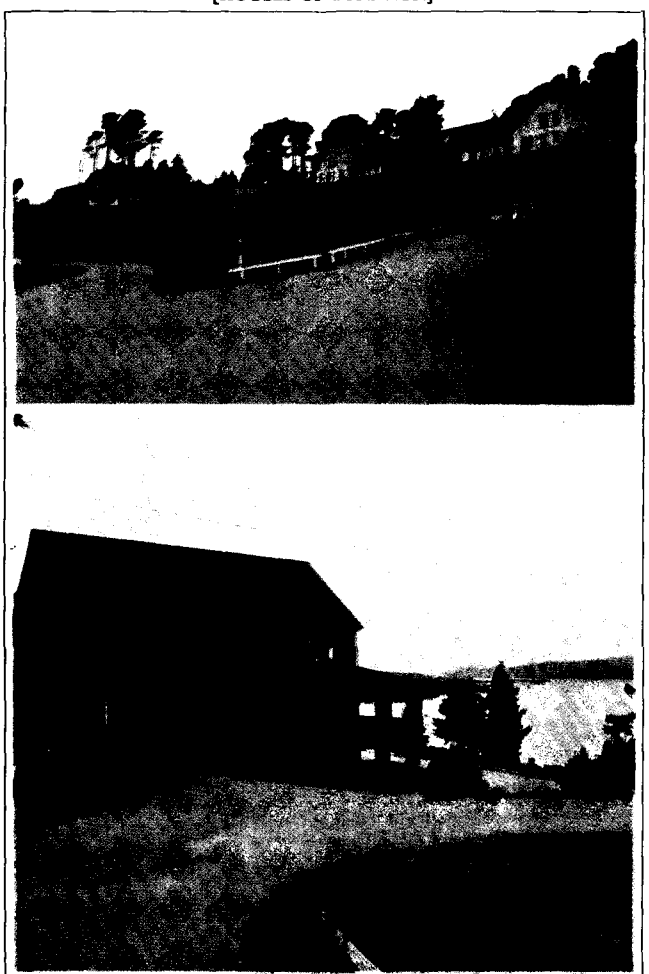
[HOUSES OF SYNANON]



Tomales Bay/California

great men of the 20th century, a fulfillment of the archetypal image deep in the gut of all of us." And a collegiate young man who markets Synanon's pencils calls the founder "our role-model and holy man."

This adulation of Diedrich is not unfounded. People in Synanon are convinced, with some reason, that he saved their lives. They smile without surprise when the ouija board, a current fad at Synanon, calls him Moses. In his own pensive way, Diedrich finds himself floating in the mainstream of American evangelicalism.

His strangely immobile face unbalanced by a mastoid operation and bearing the vestiges of a meningitis attack, his large stomach secured by short legs, the founder seems most at ease when sitting down. He is not unlike a contemporary, sport-shirted Buddha. He is eternalized in a bronze bust standing in the former National Guard Armory in Santa Monica where the Synanon movement got going; he appears in photographs —severe yet rewarding—hanging in all of the facilities. Diedrich's is the face, one of Synanon's 800 inhabitants told me, "of, among other things, the ultimate executive."

Perhaps so. His remarkable child has grown so significantly under his guidance that it now plans to house 1200-1800 residents at the end of this year, owns eight locations with considerable land and just bought the Del Mar Beach Club in Santa Monica. Synanon is a thriving reminder that Horatio Alger was in touch with vital myth. Diedrich says, "We could be the largest landlord in the United States in the next ten years," and theorizes nonchalantly about a time when Synanon's present tax-exempt status will be unnecessary.

The pretty daughter of one of Synanon's directors, who spends her time at Radcliffe during the winters, asked me brightly if I understood the political implications of Synanon: "It could eventually control immense blocs of votes and put its candidates in office, although political action is impossible now because of the non-profit business." The person beside her added, "Right now it controls the single largest group of votes in Marin County," referring to the Tomales Bay facility. These, however, are still grandiose dreams, remote enough to be only a little disturbing.

All this is part of an intellectual exercise which Diedrich finds interesting and amusing. But it is a serious game too. As Chester Stern, formerly Diedrich's personal assistant, says, "We hope to have a movie company soon. And all I can tell you is this: if Chuck says we'll have a movie company and a university, we'll have a movie company and a university."

Senator Dodd was quite right when he called Synanon a miracle of astonishing proportions. But, as he found out himself, there is a cost involved in pulling off even the most quotidian miracle. If you choose to live *realistically*—a word on which Synanon sets a high premium—you must admit that all things have a price.

[III. WHO GETS THE LOUIS ROTH SUIT?]

A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best.—THE SYNANON PHILOSOPHY

DESPITE FAIRLY CONSTANT antagonism from those who are sure that their property devaluates the minute that Synanon locates near them, or those who worry that a dope fiend will marry their sister, Synanon Foundation has established itself securely. An intensive and very clever press campaign has sold what would normally be a risky item to the genteel Establishment. Also, of course, Synanon's aims have been translated into parlance which is neither unreasonable nor obnoxious to the average American. "God helps those who help themselves," is an adage which might have come out of a Synanon seminar; it didn't, but it is appended to the Synanon Philosophy read aloud to all residents at morning meetings. By now only that part of the citizenry unalterably opposed to what it views as "race mixing," "sexual perversion," and "dope fiendism" is against Synanon. The Foundation regards these people, as it tends to do with all opposition, as inhabitants of a lunatic fringe.

In the early days of the "club," everyone from Diedrich to the newcomer kicking it cold turkey on the living room couch subsisted by throwing all they had into the communal pot. This is still relatively true; all residents are required to donate money received, for instance from home, to the general coffers. Everyone, including Diedrich, receives a maximum of $5 per week in "walking around money."

Assuming, with characteristic intuition, that nobody sells like an ex-addict, Diedrich sent hustling crews into the community for support in Synanon's early days. At first they gratefully took day-old bread, some staples, and used clothing. By now they have built up the quality of their clientele and large amounts of cash are raised by the Sponsors of Synanon, as

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well as a sizable influx of donated goods and services. Doctors see Synanon patients gratis; dentists fix their teeth; bakeries now set aside many loaves of bread; automobile manufacturers donate a number of cars each year; and construction firms set aside building materials for Synanon's "city" at Tomales Bay. Along with this affluence came the inevitable problems which plague any wealthy society. As Diedrich phrases it: "Our hustlers now bring in a wide variety of clothing—from Louis Roth $300 suits to bluejeans. The question is who gets the Louis Roth suits?"

Like many of Diedrich's questions, this one was rhetorical rather than procedural. The people at the top of the organization—and "top" is very clearly defined—get not only the Louis Roth suits, but the best jobs, a lion's share of Synanon's coveted status, and the sleekest cars. This process is also part of the Synanon Philosophy, although unwritten and often unvoiced. It is known as the creation of "role-models." The newcomer looks up at this stratified situation, sees success at the top, and goes after it, while making all the requisite moral adjustments in his behavior, appearance and outlook. It is admittedly autocratic—some of Synanon's opponents in the world of addict rehabilitation use the word "fascist"—but those who decide to commit themselves to Synanon don't complain, or at least get rid of their antagonism during the cathartic therapy of The Game. As in the society at large which so largely supports Synanon, inhabitants have a series of tangible Calvinistic rewards for their good works.

One young man, a three-year resident at Synanon, told me: "Anyone can become a director of this organization if he really wants to. Some don't want to, but I myself am ready to go anywhere they send me, do anything they want me to do." This young man's response is not unusual at Synanon, which has revitalized the sagging capitalist mystique. It is an adjunct, predictably, of Diedrich's own thinking. "We're not that much different from other corporations, General Motors for instance," he says. "Like them we have many jobs at the top and constant expansion. But they just lack the philosophical base that leads to satisfaction for the workers."

[IV. EITHER/OR]

There are only two escape routes—out the door to prison or almost certain death, or escape into health through Synanon.
—CHARLES E. DIEDRICH

As one observes Synanon's growth, its projections and ebullience about itself, and hears the constant dialogue about expansion, the totalness of this "total community" becomes clearer, and perhaps more oppressive. It goes beyond the enthusiasm of professional losers who have, for the first time in their lives, seen daylight. It has led one man, Ralph Tefferteller, co-author of *Addict in the Streets* and director of the East Side Settlement House in New York, to refer to what Synanon does as "brainwashing." Everyone in the organization seems to think alike—this, despite the official talk about enriching an individual's autonomy; everyone uses the same phrases, opens with the same conversational gambits. There is a saying around the organization: "Synanon is the greatest addiction of all"; one often wonders how ironic it is.

One is constantly reminded that the root word of "totalitarian" is "total" by conversations with Synanists. A salesman

[HOUSES OF SYNANON]

Del Mar Beach Club/Santa Monica

in Synanon's industries, for instance, describes the "total community" in this way: "Within our Synanon society there is total outlet. The games are for emotional tension; the work for physical tension; the seminars for intellectual tension." Is tension necessarily that negative that all of it must be schematically rooted out?

The Foundation, one senses, is paradoxical to its very philosophical core. Its absolutism, the either/or atmosphere which it exudes, is doubtless necessary in dealing with addicts who, as one director says, "could quite easily rationalize selling their whole family for a fix." But it also leads to what one reluctantly thinks of as a Stalinism within the organization itself. You are either with Synanon, and therefore responsible, or not. You are either a Synanist with career objectives, or a potential "splitee"—someone who leaves without permission.

By Synanon's own statistics, given to the New Jersey Narcotic Drug Study Commission in 1964, about 50 per cent of all new residents leave sometime during their first six months at Synanon. Although this is a large number for an organization which makes such extravagant claims, and which simultaneously ridicules other groups which set up shop to deal with addiction, it is not surprising. The lures of what Synanon accurately calls "life on the streets" are often too strong and habitual in a new resident to be dealt with quickly enough. But the statistical figure itself isn't important; even if it were as high as 80 per cent, it wouldn't minimize Synanon's accomplishments. It only suggests the extent of the organization's narcissism; other groups claim a lower split-rate.

What is more disheartening than the loss of newcomers is the way that ex-addicts who have strengthened themselves in Synanon's placental atmosphere are often treated by the official forces in the organization. Formerly, Synanon had a system of three stages by which a resident progressed back into society if he was so inclined. The third stage was the point at which he became a "graduate" and could choose to live and work outside Synanon, although hopefully he would still come around and involve himself in the well-being of the organization. Some of those who made it through the third stage are now regarded as "star graduates"; they left with Synanon's godspeed. One, for instance, now works as a producer for a major television network in San Francisco; another is James Ross, an executive with a large New York publishing house.

Speaking from his posh Manhattan office, Ross says, "I left Synanon at a time when it was just beginning to take off. If it

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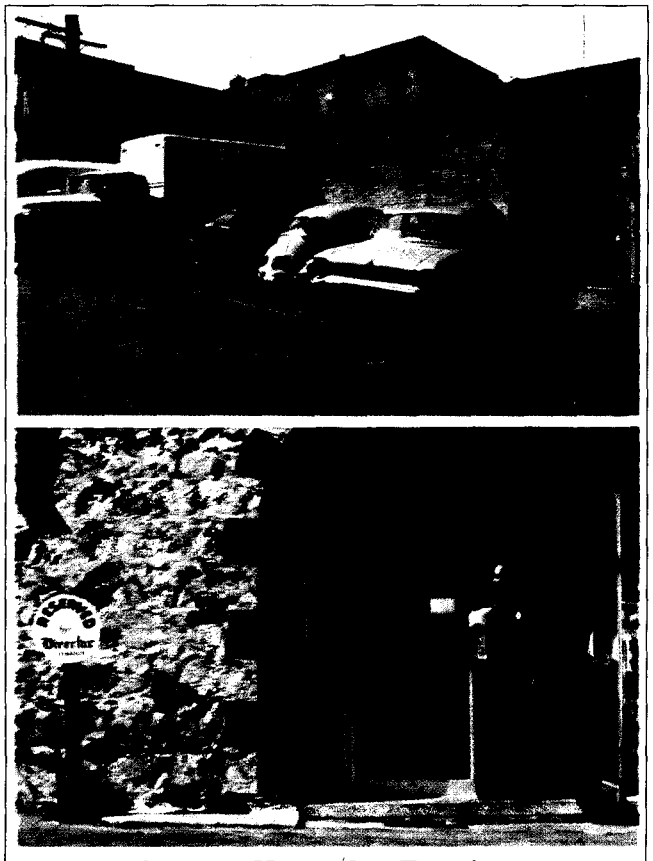
[HOUSES OF SYNANON]



Synanon House/San Francisco

hadn't grown, I'm sure others would have left also. Now Synanon exerts more pressure, and makes it more desirable for people to stay." Ross feels that he owes all he has to Synanon and tries to make himself as useful as possible to the Foundation. "I guess I'm a director emeritus or something." But these facts are interpreted differently by S. K. who, confronted by Synanon's semantic hostility, left after three and a half years, not as a "graduate" but as a "splitee": "They told me that to leave would be certain death. They kept saying, 'It's against Synanon's philosophy for you to leave. Why go out into all that insanity anyway?' They told me that if I left I'd be back on dope again. Of course, they do have some people on the outside, mainly from a few years ago when policies were different. They can't, for public relations reasons, have a situation in which nobody leaves. So they seem to let maybe a few leave every year." He adds sadly, "Things used to be a lot different at Synanon from what they are now. At one time nothing would be done to the detriment of the individual for the benefit of the institution. Now it's all for the place and the hell with the individual. That's part of the cop-out of getting to be a going concern in this society, I guess."

During lunchtimes at the Cloverfield Biltmore, Synanon residents flow in chatting about their work and kidding each other about the menu. They file past the bulletin board devoted to organizational memoranda. There was a letter—obviously one of many carbons—regarding someone who had "attempted to leave too soon and attempted to live in some kind of third stage situation, and he of course reverted to symptoms of dope fiend behavior almost immediately. Too Bad." Signed by the executive director, it began by forbidding the individual in question to enter any Synanon property. When asked about it, Jack Hurst said that the person had been in Synanon for about three years and had gone out into the world against Synanon's advice. He had been absent from the weekly Game once and observed the same night in Venice "with a bunch of creeps."

Too bad for him. This process is not unusual at Synanon. The "splitee" quoted earlier recalls: "I've seen a number of my friends have a bad time. I finally couldn't take it anymore and left. For instance, one guy I knew wanted to leave Synanon gradually. They told him to make up his mind to stay or to leave right then, but not to fuck around. Anyone who decides to leave but doesn't get official approval, even if he's been around for years, is banished. They cut this sort of person off just during his hardest time when he's trying to make it on the outside for the first time in years and needs help the most. God, I don't know why they act that way. It's just encouraging failure."

Synanon assumes, and perhaps quite rightly, that the people who come in are children. However old, however experienced and tough, they are forced to grow up again—the right way. But one wonders if real adulthood can come about when the possibility of rebellion doesn't exist. A psychiatrist formerly associated with Synanon phrases it this way: "They have made up a remarkable method of taking addicts and making them adults. So far so good. But just when they are attaining adulthood for the first time in their lives, Synanon castrates them."

[V. THE BANISHED]

I don't like Allen Ginsberg. He smells. Don't laugh, have you ever been around him? How can you say that a man like him has "hyper-consciousness"? Why, he got up before the Congress and apologized for the way he looked. Can you imagine Chuck Diedrich doing that? Ginsberg is an outer-directed person; Chuck and Synanon are inner-directed.—DAN GARRETT, Northern California Director of Synanon

IT SHOULD BE MORE OR LESS expected that any revolutionary concept, including something like Synanon, will go through periods of retrenchment, consolidating its gains. There is always the chance, however, that rigidity and dogmatism will become permanent features. So, to Synanon's more or less standardized library of transcendental philosophy which appears on the mantels of all the directors—Emerson particularly, and Thoreau and Lao-Tze—one would like to add a collection of the Greek myths. The pages dealing with Icarus, who got scorched because his presumption was overweening, should be clearly marked.

The arrogance one senses at Synanon certainly comes more from its official postures than from the people in the organization. Each person I met there was friendly and genuinely interested in human beings, particularly in those harnessed to some sort of self-destructive habit—from homosexuality to heroin. Even so, the fiscal needs of the organization, what it sees as its responsibility to itself, and its constant talk of more money with which to build a bigger and better future, all conspire to dictate terms by which humanity remains invisible within a corporation, being drawn into a syllogistic vortex of empire-building which can, at its least humane, easily justify using human bodies as mere building blocks.

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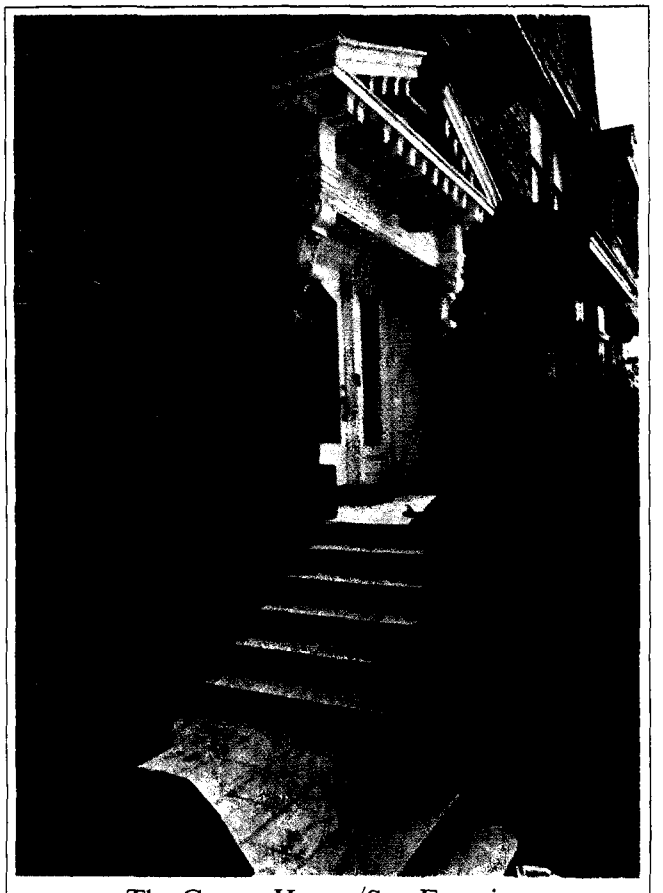

The Games House/San Francisco

There is a fairly large entrance fee at Synanon which automatically excludes certain types of people. One addict, still on drugs and bitter at not having had the money to enter Synanon, told me: "I don't give a damn whether it calls itself a social movement or the French Revolution. It's just the country club of junkie places." A large portion of those who are now at Synanon come from middle-class backgrounds with families capable of scratching together the initial "donation." They are of that species called "well-motivated" by sociologists. Thomas Connor, director of the Greenwich Counseling House in New York, talks about a friend of his stopping to visit Synanon during a vacation to the west coast. "She was raised in the Bronx. She said that she felt that Synanon was like a class reunion. The people were verbal, intellectually oriented, and middle-class, many of them Jewish. It seems as if Synanon does not reach the Negro group, for instance."

Ralph Tefferteller, who works with ghetto addicts, which as they say is where the problem is at, adds: "My question is whether or not Synanon is for the massive drug user from Harlem, Bedford-Stuyvesant, or the lower East Side. After all, they don't take people in unless their family shells out. They do well with these middle-class people, but not where the mass of addicts are concerned."

There are people in Synanon who aren't middle-class. There are also those who didn't enter with a large initial fee, although the phenomena Chester Stern recalls of coming in "with a long history of shooting heroin, three dollars and dirty underwear," is unfortunately a thing of the past.

The New Jersey Narcotic Commission Report of 1964 contains the following information from the family of a Synanon splitee: "In June, she [the mother] took her son [a barbiturate user] to the Westport House of Synanon. She was informed that her son would die unless accepted at Synanon. She was told that he would not be accepted at Synanon unless an entrance fee of $1000 was paid. Four money order certificates were presented to the Commission in the amount of $250 each. There was also produced a receipt signed by the chairman of Synanon Foundation for $1000. The boy stayed exactly 27 hours at Synanon. Despite repeated requests, no portion of the money was returned. This woman does time work in the garment industry and is the sole support for herself and her son. In 1964 her total earnings were $1349."

Officially (and quite realistically) Synanon claims that it requires $3 per day and much more in goods and services to maintain each resident. This is why the initial fee is now a rule seldom excepted. But there does seem to be a disparity between the fact that Synanon is growing, expanding, happening, and at the same time capable of being hard-nosed toward those whom it theoretically exists to serve. Thomas Connor says, "I've never known anyone these days to get into Synanon without making an entrance payment. At first it was $500. Now I hear that it's at least $1000. In fact I've heard that some addicts steal to get the money to get into Synanon."

Such horror stories exist to plague any institution; they are the equivalent of the closet which houses the family skeletons. However, sometimes they seem all too real. A Mrs. Rosenfield, quoted in the New Jersey Report, said of her son: "He left Synanon after four and a half months. They shaved his head three times. The incident that made him quit was when they made him walk in the rain all afternoon in a bathing suit. He has a disease in his legs something like arthritis. When it is damp he gets pains in his legs. They still made him walk outside." Her son has been arrested again for drug use and now faces three years' compulsory commitment under New York's Rockefeller program.

Too bad for him.

[VI. IMITATIONS]

The imitations of Synanon that spring up, leaning heavily on Synanon's success and at the same time bathed in an aura of institutional respectability, are not a threat to Synanon but only to the addicts it could genuinely help.—A SYNANON REPRINT

PERHAPS SYNANON'S GREATEST CONTRIBUTION will not be a result of the placental environment of what is casually known as "The School," or a result of the growing legion of teenagers who play The Game and who form a sort of Junior League, working on behalf of the organization in their off-moments. Perhaps Synanon's most important accomplishment is one of its earliest and simplest: the evolution of a technique to deal with drug addiction and related behavioral problems.

There are many institutions now using what Synanon pioneered; no place pretending to deal with addiction can fail to heed what the Foundation has done. Synanon's attitude toward these places, however, is puzzling. It derides them and treats them as *agents provocateurs* insidiously embezzling corporate patent secrets, never as potential colleagues confronting a similar, ugly problem.

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Dr. Mitchell Rosenthall, for instance, set up a program at the Oak Knoll Naval Hospital in Oakland to deal with serious emotional problems among military personnel. He used The Game technique of group consciousness and pressure coming to bear upon the individual. At the beginning of the program, Synanon people traveled to the hospital to give generously of their experience, and there was a constant creative interchange between the two groups. Then the Navy decided that it didn't want a close, semi-official link with Synanon, and it was abolished. But the program at Oak Knoll goes well; the atmosphere continues to yield good results.

Unaccountably and with petty rancor, Synanon, which should have at least a paternal if not a proprietary interest in the success of the project it helped initiate, now fails to see it. Jack Hurst says: "When those guys out there were part of Synanon, the thing was good. But now, since the Navy has broken the connection, their situation is just going on the momentum we built up. It will fold soon. Synanon isn't something that can be exported."

Synanon's greatest venom, however, is reserved for another, probably the largest and most successful, of its "imitators," Daytop Village on Staten Island. Daytop is headed by David Deitch, once one of Diedrich's confidantes, now a "splitee" because of a personal quarrel with the founder. Jake Ross says of Deitch, "It's almost as if he's a Trotskyite or something. He couldn't do things the Synanon way and then split. He came and took from Synanon, but wasn't able to give back to Synanon in Synanon's own terms."

Hurst says of the whole Daytop project: "It's just out to cure dope fiends. We're not, although we do while doing something else. That whole organization is made up of malcontented Synanon spin-offs."

After hearing Synanon's version of Daytop, one would expect that fledgling, three and a half-year-old organization to be as obsessed with its second-best status as Avis. But it isn't. Like Synanon, Daytop is concerned with people who don't quite know how to live, whose most polished techniques involve self-destruction. It is also characterized by spacious, well-kept grounds at its two locations, and friendly people involved in rediscovering a life without the more obvious compulsions. But the similarity between the two institutions stops there.

Daytop's concept of "community" differs from Synanon's on several counts. Above all, it feels an obligation to provide for its residents' reentry into society. In part, this obligation is philosophically reinforced by the funds Daytop receives from governmental agencies. But beyond that, the repatriation of residents, presently regarded by Synanon as both avoidable and undesirable, is seen by Daytop as crucial. John Ruocco, director of Daytop, says: "Our lines of communication, instead of remaining inward within our own organization, go outward into the community. It is like the way that an eight-year-old kid comes to the point where he wants to leave his family off and on and go to the park. Then comes a gradual breaking off until he's completely on his own. It is part of growing up. It's natural, that's all."

Deitch adds: "It's a great temptation to adopt a defensive attitude toward society. After all, our people have been roughed up pretty badly out there. And when we think of returning them, we have to face the fact that it is, in fact, a big spinning madhouse that insidiously breaks down individual ethical value. But we wouldn't be doing our job if we didn't work our people back in. There is always the far greater risk of stultifying their individual growth. Only after living and working in the community at large can they ever decide to work for Daytop. Before that there is too much risk that there's no free choice on their part, that they're just acting fearfully and defensively."

Daytop's program takes 18-24 months. People, reluctant at first, are sent back to Manhattan, usually the scene of their dead-ending drama on the streets, to interview prospective newcomers to Daytop. This is part of the second phase of their reentry. They are also given beats somewhere in the city in order to talk to and, more likely, argue with junkies. Ruocco says, "This project—called SPAN—is funded by the City of New York and by private agencies, so we go into whatever section of town the money stipulates. Right now we're working on the East Side. But our motto is 'Give us the worst.' I hope that we can go into Bedford-Stuyvesant soon, and then into Harlem."

Daytop plans to open other houses; like Synanon, they feel that they have something valuable. Daytop also faces the problem of wishing to keep its best graduates so that new facilities can be staffed. But even when it does keep a graduate, Daytop insists that he correctly use the symbols of the system —that he be salaried, and live away from Daytop.

Primarily because it is staffed by "Trotskyite" ex-Synanists, but also because it accepts government funds, Daytop is regarded by Synanon as just one of several organizations that are duping themselves, their residents and the general public. Synanon has consistently rejected all funds offered by governmental agencies whenever any controls were attached. Ordinarily, one would not dispute Synanon's feelings about the diluting power the government brings with its involvement in any revolutionary concept. And Synanon's long fight with a stiff-necked California Department of Corrections over whether or not a parolee can stay in a Synanon facility without violating the terms of his parole—recently settled in Synanon's favor by the high courts—hasn't helped its view of officialdom at all.

But Daytop doesn't seem to be languishing under burdens created by the official money it accepts. Dr. Daniel Casriel, author of *So Fair a House*, the first book about Synanon, and now the medical-psychiatrist superintendent of Daytop, says: "For many reasons the poorer kids don't get into Synanon. And it makes no effort to get them; it really doesn't respond to anyone's needs but its own. It has always refused government funds because it fears government interference: this has been proven untrue by Daytop. Sure, it has been hard enough to get the money, but once we get it there is no interference with our dynamic. After the initial delays and red tape, there is no problem at all."

Daytop does have what medical jargon denominates "thin layer paper chromotography" tests—something like a urinalysis showing whether or not a person has been on drugs. "We don't mind it," says Deitch of the intermittent test, "and it isn't stipulated in the contract from which we get practically all our funds. It's a good way of eliminating the haggling say, over whether or not a person has gone back on drugs during the couple of weeks he may have split from Daytop."

Synanon sees the test, however, as ample evidence of Daytop's initial and irrecoverable sell-out. Chester Stern says, "We wouldn't think of letting our people be put through something like that. We feel that to have them pee in a bottle is demeaning

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and humiliating." It is a moot point. A Daytop resident responds, smiling, "Hell, what's humiliating about a urinalysis? I myself would find peddling pencils humiliating. Its all in the way that you want to see things."

Ultimately, the conflict between Daytop and Synanon is one of modes. They more or less go their separate ways and ignore each other, perhaps unaware of the contrast they present. About Synanon, Deitch says simply, "All of us owe Synanon a terrific, perhaps immeasurable debt, and I don't want to knock it. But it does seem to me that Synanon isn't providing for the existential void that occurs after a person has seen that it is stupid and self-defeating to shoot dope. Then what happens, over and above the concerns of the corporation?"

Daytop lacks Synanon's polish. It has a certain sparseness about it, perhaps a naïvete. But sometimes this can be relieving. I particularly remember one of the residents, a rather shy man verging on middle age, who was driving me back to the Manhattan ferries. Watching the verdant countryside gradually turn into city, he mentioned that he would like to remain associated with Daytop for the rest of his life. I asked him how, half-expecting that he would mention the vacant directorships of the Daytop villages to come. He answered, "After I've been in the community for awhile, I want to be a teacher. Delinquent kids in the public schools—that's where addiction starts, in delinquency. It happened to me. I'd like to stop it from happening to others."

[VI. POLICIES]

About Synanon being 50 per cent square in a few years? The best way to explain it is to say that Synanon hardly knows what it is doing itself sometimes. We've always had a policy of no policy.—JAKE ROSS

SYNANON HAS PROVED that it can get along nicely without government funds. Although it accepts a $100,000-a-year combined federal and state grant for rehabilitation, it only has to do what it was already doing—send people to Texaco school, teach them secretarial skills, etc. In the main, it is supported by private industry and its growing cadre of non-resident squares. More of these squares are becoming dedicated to Synanon every day; they figure prominently in its future as a social movement.

Some already live in Synanon. One widow, for instance, moved into the San Diego house recently with her children, giving the organization $50,000 and making Diedrich executor of her estate. More are scheduled to follow. The apartment "clumps" which are the next focus for Synanon's newly-conceived "life style" will probably build up quickly to a non-addict population of 30 per cent. These squares will, for all practical purposes, be Synanists. They will work at whatever they do on the outside, but shop exclusively at Synanon enterprises, eat at Synanon's commissaries, and, of course, play the Synanon Game.

This is the connection with the "real world" that Synanon posits: fusion through absorption. As Hurst says, "Synanon is already a part of the responsible community, so why should we send people back into 'society'? It doesn't make sense. It's a little like telling some guy who works for Douglass that he would be psychologically healthier if he worked for Lockheed."

In effect, Synanon has coalesced with society at large by placing shares of its corporate future on the open market. By doing this, it has also satisfied the psychological needs of many squares for "community," for a total, directed environment and style of living. This is the attraction that inner communities—the Hippies, the Black Revolutionaries—have for the middle class. It furnishes them a passport out of their ambiguous circumstances—the condition of modern American life.

I spoke to a Bay Area psychiatrist whose patient was also Synanon's patient in the square games. He said: "I was seeing this young man. He was making what I consider good progress. But he was also playing the square games. They ridiculed him so much for seeing a psychiatrist that he quit. I couldn't offer him the rewards that they could."

What exactly are these "rewards"? Only a place in the sun in a "social movement of immense significance"? Probably not. One could propose endless theories about the way that middle-class guilt is ready and waiting to be mobilized by some carefully conceived cause, and probably be right. But that wouldn't tell the story either.

Time and again in The Game, an attack on an individual was followed by this species of advice: "Well, John, how many tickets have you sold for the Street Fair? That's not very many. When are you going to start caring about something but your own little problems?" Or: "Jane, it seems to me that from some of the things you've said here tonight that a closer involvement with Synanon could do you a lot of good." Squares are confronted with the fact that either they are going to function "responsibly"—like as not on behalf of Synanon—or remain forever addicted: to unhappiness, emotional poverty, alienation. They rarely react negatively to this proposal.

Drug addicts, among the more flamboyantly gutted in our society, are asking to be whipped when they first shoot drugs. The myth of the backwater jerk who accidentally wanders onto heroin from marijuana kicks and then squirms forever on the point of the hook, is just that—a myth. He knew what he was doing, somewhere, somehow, if only in the shadowy realm of the unconscious. Similarly, squares who beg to be gathered up into the rigid moral system of Synanon—described by Chester Stern as "teaching people to be self-reliant, virtuous, honest, and straightforward"—know what they're doing. Translated, their actions say: "Take me out of all this."

It is no accident that the whole notion of "community" has gained a new, magical currency in present-day America. There is an element of truth in all truisms, especially the one about modern man facing an absurd situation which he can neither control nor adequately deal with.

Those who seek out involvement in Synanon are participants in the mass exodus from freedom characteristic of our time; they are looking for at least the skeleton of order and restrictive structure, something whose bones they can flesh out with their own hard effort.

All revolutionary movements suggest that their reformation of what is defective will be quite thorough, but by the indirect technique of providing alternate cultural models. And in each of them there is an element of nobility. But they are sometimes also corruptible; they can build the greatest illusions of all. And often, these movements manage to evaporate, leaving magnificent catacombs for social archeologists, but having managed to affect the here and now hardly at all.

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Conversations with B. Traven

Portrait of B. Traven by Antonieta Figueroa

[RECAPITULATION]

LITERARY MYSTERIES are distinguished from more pedestrian mysteries by the fact that they are seldom, if ever, solved.

Misanthropic essayist Ambrose Bierce disappeared in Mexico—he is rumored to have been shot by Pancho Villa. Adventurer Richard Halliburton set sail across the Pacific in a tiny Chinese junk—he is presumed to have drowned. Nobody knows.

The world's most mysterious literary figure for the last 40 years has been B. Traven. His 12 novels, published in over 500 editions in 36 languages, have sold millions of copies in Europe and Latin America—but only five of the novels have been published in the United States, and Traven is known here, if at all, as the author of *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*. Traven's identity has remained a confounding and closely kept secret. Some of the less astute literary "detectives" thought the B. Traven books were written by Jack London. Others even thought he was Vladimir Nabokov. But nobody really knew.

Last month reporter Judy Stone, after a year of intensive research into B. Traven's life, demolished many Traven myths—including the one carefully promulgated by the author: that he ran away to sea at age ten after being born in 1890 in Chicago to poor Scandinavian immigrant parents. She revealed Traven's past as a young German anarchist editor, alias Ret Marut, who had published a biting anti-war, anti-capitalist newspaper called Der Ziegelbrenner in Munich in the thick of World War I.

Miss Stone found evidence to support the theory that Traven was the illegitimate son of Kaiser Wilhelm II—and that this traumatic knowledge was the main reason for a life cloaked in anonymity.

Her story told how the fiery Marut campaigned against German militarism and German nationalism; how he conducted vitriolic attacks against a venal, pro-war press and the "hypocrisy" of a church that could pray for the victory of one side over another; how he foresaw the rise of the German right; how he became a revolutionary leader in the short-lived Bavarian "Red Republic" at the close of World War I; and how he fled Germany, wanted for "treason," disillusioned with politics forever because of the way the Bavarian Soviet Republic was mercilessly crushed by its fellow Socialists in Berlin.

Marut fled to Mexico, where he has lived for more than 40 years, writing novels as B. Traven. Miss Stone found Traven in Mexico City, still, at 85, stubbornly clinging to a pseudonym—that of Hal Croves, Traven's "agent." And she was given an unprecedented series of interviews with the mysterious novelist.

The interviews that follow are a unique contribution to literary history; but they are perhaps more important as a human document. A portrait emerges of an extraordinary, complex man—prophetic, tender, ironic, lonely, angry, arrogant and sensitive.

I.

I HAD BEEN NERVOUS ENOUGH about intruding on a man who had gone to incredible lengths to guard his privacy for 40 years and more, but I felt immediately defeated when I first met B. Traven in the patio of his home off Mexico City's tree-lined boulevard, the Reforma. I realized that he was almost totally deaf, despite a hearing aid. He shook hands unsmilingly and sat down, uneasily clasping his heavily veined hands in his lap. His bright blue eyes looked sad behind thick spectacles, his long white hair still showed a blond tinge, and his bony face, punctuated by a domineering nose, was severe. Although he appeared frail, with a cautious step and a nervously nodding head, his short wiry frame conveyed an impression of the strength and energy that must have served him as a young man.

I made some feeble attempts to offer what I hoped was a reassuring smile, but his eyes refused to meet mine. After grumbling a bit about the lack of a new battery for his hearing aid, he suddenly

by Judy Stone

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cried out in English, accented by German: "Forget the man! What does it matter if he is the son of a Hohenzollern prince or anyone else? Write about his works. Write how he is against anything which is forced upon human beings, including communism or Bolshevism. See how, among all of Traven's books, there goes one thought like a red thread from the first line of his first book to the last line of his last book. Since he doesn't want to be a reformer or preacher, he lets the reader get the red thread."

The impact of that "one thought" had hit me for the first time many years ago when I saw a book title, succinct and powerful, *The Rebellion of the Hanged.* With deceptive simplicity, the author had laid bare the miserable lives of poor Mexican Indians. I wondered how someone with such an un-Mexican sounding name could have had the insight to dramatize that suffering with so much humor and understanding, leading up to a crescendo of violence and brutality.

But it was not until I decided to visit Mexico in 1964 that I was hooked by the Traven "mystery." Browsing in a bookstore, I found a paperback collection of short stories, *The Man Nobody Knows*, which noted that the author lived in Mexico City. A friend suggested that I could learn more about Traven from Philip Stevenson, a novelist and Hollywood scriptwriter who had written the screenplay for "Rosa Blanca"—the Mexican film made in 1962 but never released. Stevenson predicted that I would not be able to interview Traven, but gave me the name of his "agent," Hal Croves. However, a check at the library disclosed that in the late '40s a Mexican reporter and novelist, Luis Spota, had tracked down Traven as the man Croves who had been an advisor to John Huston during the filming of "The Treasure of the Sierra Madre." Croves' card gave Acapulco as his address and it was known that he traveled on an American passport.

Spota had checked Mexican immigration records and discovered the name of Berick Traven Torsvan, born in Chicago on March 5, 1890, the son of Scandinavian parents. He went to Acapulco, where he found his man, known to the neighbors as *El Gringo*, living in quarters at the rear of a beer and refreshment stand. Torsvan/Croves had lived there since 1929, and spent much of his time tending the mango and cashew trees in his orchard. Spota bribed a servant to intercept Torsvan's mail. When a letter arrived with a royalty payment in Swiss francs for B. Traven, Spota confronted him with it. Croves protested that Traven was his cousin, had left Mexico and was a patient in a sanitarium in Davos, Switzerland, and that he, Torsvan, had adopted the name years before. He indicated that he was merely one of the collaborators on whom the real Traven was dependent, and therefore he received some payments in Traven's name. In a farewell gesture, he served Spota a dinner of roast goose and told him a Traven-esque story about a man who had gone hunting for wild goose and had found a ghost. Shortly afterwards, Torsvan/Croves disappeared from Acapulco.

Spota had determined that Croves was Torsvan, but the question "Who is B. Traven?" remained unanswered. For me, the clue to Traven's identity as still another man, Ret Marut, was provided by Manfred George, a German magazine editor. When novels by B. Traven began to be published in Germany, George reported in 1947, an associate of Marut, anarchist German writer Eric Mühsam, compared their styles and concluded that Marut and Traven were the same person.

I thought that perhaps in his old age, Traven might no longer want to maintain his anonymity. Furthermore, if he really had been the iconoclastic writer Marut, I believed he would be curious about an equally iconoclastic modern German writer. I sent "Hal Croves" a letter requesting an interview with "Traven," and included an interview I had had with Rolf Hochhuth, author of "The Deputy."

There was no response from Croves to my letter before I left for Mexico City. While there, I interviewed Gabriel Figueroa, a world-famous cinematographer, an old friend of Croves' and a first cousin of Adolfo López Mateos. He was rather reluctant to talk about "Rosa Blanca," his potentially explosive film, but was obviously proud of the work.

In the film adaptation of Traven's work, Figueroa had carried out a suggestion by López Mateos, then President of Mexico, that the film go beyond the time of the novel to the historic date of March 18, 1938, when President Lazaro Cardenas courageously decreed the expropriation of Mexican oil fields from their American, Dutch and British owners. López Mateos, who was planning the nationalization of electrical power, may have wanted to remind the Mexicans of the tremendous popularity of the oil expropriation. It is still a mystery as to whether internal Mexican politics kept "Rosa Blanca" from release or whether its suppression was due to a changing economic relationship between Mexico and the United States—or both.

I was told that López Mateos' successor, President Díaz Ordaz, had called "Rosa Blanca" "the best picture ever made in Mexico" when he was still head of the Interior Department, which houses the Bureau of Film Censorship. Moya Palencio, the present censor, believes the film was not released because it was too favorable to Cardenas and "too violent against the U.S." When I spoke with him, he said he had not seen the film and would like to, "but it's a closed case." The government had bought up part of the film industry, shared in production costs, and now owns the film and refuses to release it.

When I returned to San Francisco from Mexico, a letter from Croves was waiting. "I will not be able to arrange a meeting with B. Traven," he had written, "because at the moment he is traveling in the tropical regions of southern Mexico and surely will not be back within many months. I'm very sorry that I cannot be of help to you in this matter, at least not at present. As soon as you arrive in Mexico City, please send me a note informing me of the name of your hotel at which you're stopping and your room number so that I can get in contact with you. Fact is I'm really eager to meet you. Even if I should not be able to comply with all your wishes, there are so many things in Mexico to see and to learn that you may be assured that your trip will turn out to be an unforgettable one. With best wishes, Sincerely yours, H. Croves."

II.

I THOUGHT THAT CROVES' LETTER indicated a willingness to talk about the past that had so long been shrouded in secrecy, but I was soon to learn otherwise when Croves again agreed to see me in May of 1966. When Rosa Elena Luján picked me up at my hotel, she introduced herself as "Mrs. Croves." A charming, chic woman in her early fifties with dark *sympatico* eyes, she was warm and friendly, and told me how surprised she had been when her husband an-

Paintings by Charles White III

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swered my letters.

I was the first reporter her husband had ever consented to see, and when he slowly walked out on the patio to greet me, the atmosphere was thick with apprehension.

His sudden outburst urging me to forget the man and to think only of his work broke the tension. He began what became a recurrent theme in our interviews: the importance of *what* is written, not the personality of the writer.

"There have been writers who became world-famous writing not about the persons but about the ideas of other writers," he said. "Who was that writer in the 18th century who wrote about Samuel Johnson? Boswell. He became famous writing about Johnson's ideas."

As the sun left the patio where we had been talking, we walked through the comfortable living room hung with paintings into the first floor library—one of four in the house. It was lined from floor to ceiling with books, including all of Traven's novels, which have been published in about 500 editions in 36 languages. Prints of the Mexican Revolution hang on the walls; there is a Diego Rivera sketch of a frog crying "*Chilena*" (Mrs. Croves' nickname), and a bronze casting of the clasped hands of the author and his wife.

The novelist, always carefully maintaining his identity as Hal Croves, started to describe "what I might call the fundamental ideas of Traven. He is against anything which is forced upon human beings including communism or Bolshevism. Let the people decide we want this or we want that. Not like the way Bolshevism was forced upon the Russians. You know he hasn't said so but he considers that communism has brought more unhappiness into the world before the word communism was ever thought of. Some workers think, 'We're happier now because we eat better.' But even in Russia, they have to buy wheat from the States. In the end, Russia loses, because all the gold is given to us because they can't feed their own people. Russia under the Czarist regime exported wheat. Germany lived on Russian wheat.

"You've heard of the Ukraine?" he asked me. I was puzzled by the question but more surprised by his response when I said my parents had been Russian Jews. "Congratulations!" he exclaimed. "I love all people who grew up in Poland and Russia and emigrated. The Israelis [sic] are persecuted in Russia as badly now as in the Czarist regime. They lived as happily under the Czar. What is communism good for if you are slapped on the mouth like those two writers [Sinyavsky and Daniel]? Russia is going to the dogs. No, going to the dogs is too honest. What is communism good for if it also had anti-Semitism like the Nazis?

"Here comes the point about the Nazis," he went on. "Do you know why the Germans yelled all over the world that B. Traven is a German? They yelled all over the world that a great new writer has come into German literature. They needed someone. Many talented young writers never came back from the First World War. The most read writers in pre-war Germany were believed to be Jews. The best. The most read," said Croves. He emphasized that he had no *personal* knowledge of this fact: "I had no contact with Germans at that time."

He said that Traven's first publisher, the Bôchergild Gutenberg, founded by the Printers' Union, was German, but published American and French authors almost exclusively. He denied that Traven's books were written in German. (Later that inner man, who hates the lies of this world and demolishes them in his writing, told his wife he regretted lying to me about this.)

In Traven's first correspondence with his publisher, he had insisted upon complete anonymity, forbidding the publication of any personal publicity. So when *The Death Ship* appeared in Germany in 1926, Croves told me, "The Germans said, 'Now we have got a German Jack London.' That's true. About 1932 when the Nazis were just in the beginning of coming up in power, they accused the Book Guild, 'Why do you publish only foreign authors? Why not publish German writers like Traven?' They threatened the Guild and got their storm troopers out.

"The storm troopers occupied the Book Guild on the pretext that they didn't publish German writers, writers for the *volk*, writers for the *pueblo*. Actually, it was a kind of business jealousy. On the day Traven was informed the storm troopers had occupied the Book Guild, he sent a letter: 'I hereby prohibit you to publish any of my books. You are not the Book Guild I sent my books to to be translated and published. The contract is null and void. I refuse to let the Nazis get a profit.' But the Nazis had published great announcements about selling Traven's books to Russia, and they needed the money for their later invasion. They wrote, 'Recall this letter,' but Traven refused to do it."

The Supreme Court of Germany thereupon fined Traven 2000 gold marks for every day he would not allow the books to be published in Germany.

"So Traven did not get any money. This was in punishment for taking the rights away. All his money, which was in the treasury of the Book Guild, they kept. He didn't get a cent. Today those German royalties owed to Traven are the property of the state.

"If you have followed the story of Germany," Croves continued, "a man by the name of Goering—the second man after that man Hitler—burned all the books, the books the Germans should not read, and when the Nazis invaded Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and other countries, one of the first orders they gave was that all the books written by Traven had to be taken out of the bookstores and burned. The booksellers were fusilladed in Belgrade. It should be understood he was not considered Israeli, Traven. They didn't think he had Jewish microbes. But they didn't like his tendency against the state, that the state was a tyrant. That's the point. The Nazis did not include him among the Jewish writers. In this respect, he was o.k. He was just hated. Just as the Russians do now, the Nazis punished those writers who did not follow the party line.

"When all this happened, Traven wrote a new book, *General from the Jungle*. That book did not find a publisher in Germany. They were afraid. The representative of Traven in Switzerland sold it to a publisher in Amsterdam in 1940. It had no sale. Then the Nazis invaded Holland. The whole edition was sold out in one week—maybe 5000 copies. The Nazi soldiers bought the book because they were—how do you call it—Traven admirers.

"In 1926, the Book Guild had asked Traven, 'Won't you please write us a few lines about your life? Just a little biography.' "

But "just a little biography" was exactly what Traven could not supply and so he developed a reason for his anonymity.

"The way I can remember it now,"

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Croves said, "Traven answered the publishers, 'A writer should never be asked for his biography because he is liable to lie to appear more interesting than in fact he is. Just to make himself more readable.' That's the way I get it. 'Actually the writer is of no importance whatever. Anyone who works in your publishing house is just as important in bringing out the books as the writer is'—that was his idea. 'I don't feel myself important enough that my biography should be published.'

"Traven is poorer today than when the first book was published. Up to the time the Nazis came to power, he had a great account at the Book Guild and several banks. Actually even today, in spite of all the noises made about him," Croves said, "he is a poor man. You know it. We know it. It was actually that man Wieder [his Swiss agent], who kept him alive in a certain way when he had nothing to eat. He wrote a pitiful letter to Wieder who sent him a few francs."

I asked why he did not file suit to recover his German royalties.

"He never tried. Just to avoid the publicity. Who would have believed him? Now the Nazis are out of power. I have been told everyone is against the Nazis today in Germany. No one ever wants to admit he was a Nazi. They all love the Jews. They never had anything to do with the Nazis. That's why Traven never sues. It would have gone all through the papers. Publicity again. All the publicity about Traven, the writer no one knows and such nonsense," Croves said.

The "mystery" about Traven was created by newspapermen, Croves declared. "Today if you don't know what to write and you're starving, write in six hours, here's the cash! Hundreds of newspapermen are riding to fame on the shoulders of that mystery man."

III.

When we met again, Croves came into the library carrying a "very special" bottle of vodka, distilled by Russian immigrants in Mexico and prepared with orange peel. We drank it straight; it was delicious. Croves looked pleased at my enjoyment, but when I asked how it was made, he laughed mischievously and said, "That's another mystery!"

The thought of a mystery reminded him of "Rosa Blanca." "It's a very good picture," he said, "a great picture. That's why we don't understand why it isn't shown, but what can I do?

"The strangest thing about it is that no one knows and no one tells why it is not permitted in Mexico," Croves said. "Mexico needs exports. Here is an item which can bring in money from England, France, Germany, the United States. Wherever hard money is. You have seen how many editions of the novel there are. It is known in 20 countries."

Although one of the stars of "Rosa Blanca" is Christine Martell, a former Miss France, and now the wife of Miguel Alemán Jr, son of the former President, "even Alemán could do nothing," Croves said. "It means only that no one could do anything about it. This story about the picture in my opinion is almost as good as the book."

Rosa Blanca has been unable to find a publisher in the U.S. Hill and Wang expects to reissue other Traven books, but turned down *Rosa Blanca* because the capitalist seemed like a character out of the proletarian novels of the '30s.

"There is a misunderstanding about *Rosa Blanca*," Croves pointed out. "Perhaps BT meant to explain to the American public what we call here the petroleum problem. The way I see it, it is not the meaning of the book. The true idea, what I feel Traven wanted to show when the owner of the hacienda was threatened with confiscation, is that human beings of today are all industrialized. *I'm* an outsider on all of this. I can judge it independently. *He* wanted to express the value of the soil. That's why no American will understand this or Mexicans don't understand what Traven wanted to expose: that you can't buy or sell land."

When Don Jacinto refuses a large offer of gold from the American oilman Collins for purchase of his hacienda, modern readers must think he is insane, Croves said. He repeated parts of the dialogue from the novel, adding, "You can't eat gold. You can't eat money, even if you put money into the ground to grow. The only real thing is earth. Earth is eternal. Gold is not eternal. Gold is at best timely. As long as there is a sun in heaven, earth will produce."

The American lawyer who is trying to buy the land for Collins can't understand this, said Croves, "because he lives in a country where a farm is merchandise. Few Americans of our time want to buy land to have a home and live there. They want to live in the city with TV, opportunity, the radio and all that. Traven likes to see birds sing in the morning, trees misting in the morning." He said that Charles Miller, a student of Traven, "actually came near the meaning" of Traven's books when he said that Traven's "fundamental idea is like Thoreau's."

"It is not just a story of petrol," he insisted. "It is what the soil means to poor farmers. Don Jacinto picks up two handfuls of soil and looks at it and begins to cry as if to say that it is God Himself. God has personified Himself in that handful of soil. I hope you understand why all the time we are coming back to *Rosa Blanca*. That doesn't mean the story, but the philosophy. That's in all Traven's books. *Rosa Blanca* comes out easiest to explain.

"This nearness to the soil," he said, "is the most frequent and most important element in Traven's books."

I asked how he accounted for that. Again, the note of caution entered his voice. "In the first place, I'm sure he was born and brought up on a farm but with little money, a very run-down farm in which Scandinavian immigrant farmers could invest. That's *my* idea. I guess I read that he was born on a rundown farm, *but that's an idea not a fact* [my italics]. I would never classify Traven as an intellectual. He is so very close to earth as an intellectual never can be and never will be."

He asked his wife, "What do you think is the best book by Traven," adding, "but of course you are prejudiced."

"Of course I'm prejudiced," she said. "*Rosa Blanca*."

IV.

When Mrs. Croves reminded her husband that it was time for dinner, he looked at her fondly and said she had almost literally pulled him back from death a few years ago when he was very ill. "They wanted to bring a coffin and take me off and she said, 'If you do it, I will accuse you of first degree murder.' I'm not talking about Traven," he said carefully. "I'm talking about myself."

Later, I told him how I admired *The Death Ship*. He looked at me strangely and said, "If I told you what I think of *The Death Ship*, Traven would kill me." His wife smiled and shook her head.

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"No, you know he's not like that."

Noting that writers always have favorites among their books, he said cheerfully, "I am not a great writer. I'm just a scriptwriter." He was in fine spirits and eager to talk some more about the meaning of Traven's books.

"When the reader reads a book by BT, he thinks what does he mean by this phrase? It seems obvious. But there is something between the lines. The deeper idea of *The Death Ship*. It would take me hours to write it down and get my own ideas. It's not just the story of an American sailor. It has a deeper meaning. It's not only about passports. It's that human beings under modern conditions are forced . . . If you have no passport, you can't return to the idea of the human soul and the human being has been lost entirely. In such lines as I now tell you, we come to the fundamental idea on which the book is based. The American consul says, 'How do I know who you are? You haven't got a birth certificate.' 'You see me, I must be alive,' Gales answered. 'Yes, I see you, but if I report you to Washington, there is no proof.' Gales says, 'Perhaps you even deny that I am alive.' 'Officially, I deny your existence. Officially, you are not alive.' "

That was the fundamental idea, Croves said. "But here comes something else, more between the lines. This is *my* feeling. The American sailor is not the real important character. The real character is Stanislav. He lost his country during the war. He was innocent of that. He was not even a soldier."

In *The Death Ship*, Traven wrote: "His true name, which, together with his story, I never betrayed to anybody on the Yorikke, was Stanislav Koslovski. He was born in Poznan, which then was the capital of the Prussian province of Poznan, or, as it was called by the Prussians, Posen." Stanislav ran away from home rather than become a tailor's apprentice, and he had an incredible series of adventures. Meanwhile the fortunes of war made Poznan a part of Polish territory and Stanislav became another seaman unable to establish his citizenship and forced to work on the death ships.

Croves said he first realized the importance of Stanislav when he saw the film "The Death Ship" in 1959 in Berlin (where, incidentally, his hotel registration carried the name "Croves, also known as Torsvan," as well as his wife's birth date, April 6, 1915).

Horst Buchholz, who starred as Gales, was "awfully good-looking," Croves said. "The hero for the feminine part of the audience. When the picture ran on, Gales disappeared. There grew up like a god the man who played the Pole. He grew up like the greatest hero; he became bigger and bigger. When it was all over what applause he got! It came into my mind that the book is written about that man, not the American sailor. If you read it as I did sitting in the jungle in lonely nights . . . There came entirely new ideas into my mind. Certain meanings are not as they were written. The meaning of the books, not just the titles. I feel the titles want to lead you away from the true philosophy of Traven. Not intentionally, but that's his spiritual instinct. He doesn't want to expose his soul so he hides it between the lines. His greatness is not only in the tale but between the lines.

"In *The Death Ship*, Traven referred to Conrad as a 'certain writer about sailors who are always looking under skirts.' Conrad never mentioned the ones who did the work," Croves criticized. "O'Neill also wrote a play where the lady wants to see the stokehold. And the sailors stand looking under the skirts."

"Well, sailors are sailors," I said.

"Of course," he laughed. "They do it all over the world. It's really normal, but it's not necessary to mention. Still in a way, it has to be mentioned in a book or play. That's the fun."

I asked him to explain his feelings about Conrad. He replied, "I liked *Lord Jim*. It's been so long since I read it, I don't want to give an opinion. Conrad was a great writer. Just consider he was born in Poland and wrote such great novels in English! For that I admire the man. The difference between the two writers, in my opinion, is that Conrad wanted just to write good *novels*, entertaining novels. Traven always wanted to write *books*. They came out novels perhaps more accidentally. Some novels don't make you happy as novels. Conrad told a straightforward story which, in my opinion, Traven doesn't."

In some countries, he said, *The Death Ship* is already considered a classic. "Here is a wonderful item about *The Death Ship*, something 100 per cent Traven in it. When Gales is in the Port of Spain fishing, he gets a big fish and takes pity on it and throws it back. And comes a customs officer who says, 'But it seems to be a very good fish.' Gales replies, 'The fish may have nibbled at a dead sailor.' In fact, Traven *means* to say he told the fish, 'you go back to your mate and be happy. *I* want to be free and so I love freedom, so the fish does also.' This love for animals is in every book."

I told him about a story by Han Suyin who had gone to visit her family in Peking during the Chinese Communist campaign to kill sparrows because they were eating the wheat while people were starving. Dr. Suyin was revolted by the destruction of the birds, but later, on her way through India, she saw sacred cows being kept alive while thousands of people died of hunger. It was a lesson in comparative humanity that she could not forget.

Croves considered the question of India and the sacred cows and said, "We come over to Western ideas of cruelty. I don't know how you personally feel about meat, but human beings can live entirely on vegetables. We don't do it, but it can be done. Who is more important on earth? The human being? Because *He* wrote it in the Bible that all animals had to be *His* slaves? But ask God what He actually meant. He created the animals. They're just as important as the human being. It's just my *personal* opinion. I myself would say I'm not sure if the human being is of so much more value than an animal."

He was in such a good mood that I told him how much I had enjoyed his humorous story, "Foreign Correspondent." In it, a young would-be reporter is discouraged from pursuing a journalistic career after he files a story from Mexico about six bloody heads: five army officers and one "goddamned American newspaper correspondent," impaled on iron spikes by Pancho Villa's orders. I was rewarded for my compliment with a twinkle and I suddenly realized that, although all writers crave an audience, this was one of the rare times when he had met a Traven fan face to face.

This set off what I then thought was a spontaneous stream of recollection about the time "Traven was held a prisoner of Villa because he was a writer, a snooper." I later wondered if the whole point of the story—and perhaps, our conversation—was to mislead Traven "snoopers," including myself, by indicating that the

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writer was in Mexico in 1915 and not in Germany. The short story, under the German title "A Truly Bloody Story," was inserted in a 1957 German edition of *In the Bush* and is the only one with an indication of time. It appeared at a period when the German press was filled with speculation about Traven's identity and when Traven wanted no part of Germany. I read later that Villa had been friendly to John Reed and other American correspondents in 1914, and I wondered if the Mexican general would have changed his attitude so drastically in one year. Was Traven projecting his own feelings about the press onto Villa, or was he telling the story of someone he knew who may have been a prisoner of Villa? There is evidence that Traven, as Ret Marut, was still an actor in Germany in 1915.

Later, when they left me at my hotel, Croves said warmly, "Don't be surprised, one of these days, we might just burst in at your office and say, 'Where is that Miss Stone?' " He kissed me goodbye and admonished pleadingly, "Don't write anything that might hurt us." He smiled shyly and they left.

V.

ON THAT FIRST VISIT to Mexico, I had not asked Croves directly if he were B. Traven; I didn't want to put him in the undignified position of lying. I assumed he would discuss it when and if he were ready. Although I love a mystery as much as the next person, in this case I had not set out to be a detective or even to engage in the kind of questioning that goes into a routine job of reporting. I knew there were painfully complicated reasons for his long silence, and I hoped that he might open up without any aggressive probing. I was therefore surprised to learn, when I returned to Mexico to visit Traven again in November, that Siempre magazine had just published what was, purportedly, "the first interview with B. Traven." There were a few glimpses of the household, photographs of the living room stairway and a sculptured bust of Traven (Hal Croves) by his friend Federico Canessi, the usual "authorized American history of the author who is now a Mexican citizen," and the rumor that he was the son of "Kaiser Wilhelm II or a Duke of Bavaria." The interview had been given on condition that the name Croves be omitted from the story, the reporter, Luis Suarez, subsequently revealed.

Despite the Siempre report and one based on it in the New York Times, the writer continued to insist on his identity as Croves during our conversations. I spent the next month in a state of irritation and frustration, waiting for scattered appointments with him. Whenever I did get to see him, I sensed the conflict between his friendliness toward me and his regret that he had ever agreed to see a reporter.

However, our first dinner engagement at a favorite German restaurant, the Bellinghausen, was amiable. The Croves were greeted by some friends, including a young woman, the daughter of artist Orozco Romero. Her strong and intelligent face showed an amazing resemblance to the late Esperanza López Mateos, sister of the former Mexican President and Traven's friend and translator.* Croves, who had been looking intently at her, quietly asked his wife if she had noticed the similarity to Esperanza. "That's a long story," he said. "It would take many hours to tell."

Croves seemed to wrench himself back across the years, turned his attention again to his wife and said, "Did I tell you I still love you today? See what a little good food will do?" It was the authentic voice of Traven, a little irony always sharpening the soft edge of his tenderness. But when Mrs. Croves laughed about the effect of food on his affections, he was disturbed and assured her that he had meant what he said. Across the table, Mrs. Croves told me softly that she had first met him when she was a young girl, but didn't have enough sense to marry him then. They were finally married in San Antonio, Texas, in 1957, following her divorce from her first husband, a light-hearted businessman whose beliefs were completely different from her own.

*Miss López Mateos, I later learned, was a strong-minded, courageous and politically militant woman who was considerably to the left of her brother, Adolfo. She was a woman of many interests, a linguist, editor of a medical journal and a cave explorer. At one time, she had been married to Roberto Figueroa, Gabriel Figueroa's brother. She played an important part in reviving interest in Traven's books and getting them published in Mexico. After she committed suicide in 1951, Señora Luján, who had helped her on the Spanish translation of *The Rebellion of the Hanged*, later continued her work as Traven's agent and translator.

VI.

STILL CAREFULLY MAINTAINING his separate identity, Hal Croves told me that sometimes it takes many years even for him to understand the full meaning of Traven's books. He cited "Macario," which had been selected by Martha Foley as one of the best short stories of 1954, and which was then made into a prize-winning film. It is about the dream of a poor Mexican woodcutter whose heart's desire is to have a whole roasted turkey all to himself. When his wife finally surprises him with this treat and he sits alone in the woods, savoring the anticipated pleasure, he is importuned to share it by a devil disguised as a *charro*, Our Lord in the guise of a pilgrim and Father Time as the Bone Man. Macario can shrewdly hold his own with the first two, but like the rest of us, he cannot outwit Father Time.

" 'Macario' has a certain line which no one has discovered," Croves said. "It was discovered only in Czechoslovakia. An idea. Macario sits there with the turkey. Then comes the pilgrim and says, 'I'm hungry. Just give me a bite.' He refuses.

"Then comes in the critic of the Czech newspaper. Look at the irony of that man Traven. He tells later to the devil 'how could I with my unclean hands give a piece of turkey to the Lord? Besides He whose Father owns the whole world, who created all the animals, He could get all the *pavos*, that Man who worked so many miracles. Why does He come to me? He comes like a poor *campesino* and asks for part of the turkey—that Man who, if He wants to, can command all the animals.'

"No one ever detected the irony except that Czech critic." He said he now realized "for Traven, the pilgrim represented the Church. And the Church is always asking for the last penny. Not just the pilgrim, the Church."

He warned me to be careful about how I handled the subject of religion. "You know how the American public likes religion. In *Land of Springtime*, there is a line. I guess it wouldn't hurt anyone if you tell this. We fell for that story about Paradise. God told Adam and Eve not to take an apple. Then finally they gave up Paradise just for an apple. Tell that to a Mexican Indian, he would never believe someone would give up Paradise for an apple. You'd have to make it at least a mango!"

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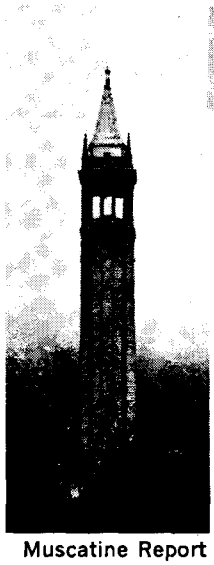
He said he didn't want *Land of Springtime*, his travel book, published in English now because it is out of date. "Traven wrote this before the Revolution. Whole chapters would have to be changed. You don't know the changes that have taken place since the Revolution. What you see now in Mexico City didn't exist. The only hotel when Traven first came here was the Hotel Regis. The highest building was only four stories high. The general standards of health have improved immensely. When Traven came to Mexico you found hardly anyone who could read or write. Now it is the other way around. In this way, the Revolution has done very well.

"When Traven came, people from the interior were in rags and full of lice. You don't see them any longer. The only decently dressed people you saw at that time were in the Protestant churches. In the Catholic churches, they came as dirty as when they left their beds or dirtier still. It's interesting to note how the churches influenced them. The highest figure of educated people among democratic people who can read or write are the Scandinavians. In Germany or Central Europe, those sections under Catholic influence have no reading or writing. Here in Mexico, when a girl wanted to go to school, the padre went to the father or mother and said, 'you don't let that girl go to school. What does she want to learn writing for? She will only write to her *novio* [sweetheart]; she will only read bad books.' "

VII.

IT WAS AN UNFORTUNATE DAY. Croves was still suffering from a cold, and he was irritable because the maid had uprooted one of his plants. But his mood lifted temporarily after he had some soup and greeted a visitor, Igal Maoz, a young Israeli artist. Maoz had first heard of Traven when the people on his kibbutz sang the song from *The Cotton Pickers*. It had been set to music by Hans Eisler and became popular in pre-Hitler Germany. Maoz happily sang the Hebrew version for us. In a British translation by Eleanor Brockett, it begins:

Cotton is worn by king and princeling
Millionaire and president,
But the wretched cotton-picker
Hardly gets a ruddy cent . . .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Maoz presented the "skipper" with a Van Gogh print of a sailboat and left. Croves wandered off restlessly and finally appeared with an exquisite white orchid. He presented it to me gallantly and, in Spanish, said, "*Una orquidea para una orquidea.*" For the first time, I had written down a few questions, and handing him the paper, I felt somewhat abashed at the unfair exchange. He put on his reading glasses, scanned the questions and declared with heavy irony, "This is an *interview!* The New York Times said 'No more interviews!' "

Asked whether a writer should participate in political action, he answered, "A shoemaker sticks to his shoes, an actor sticks to his profession. Leave politics to the professional politicians. Traven would never participate in any manifestation with placards or what do you call them? Because he definitely sticks to his work. He has very little time to participate in any demonstrations no matter what the movement."

In the hope that he might finally drop the role of Croves with me and begin to discuss the true background of the books, I asked if Stanislav in *The Death Ship* was based on a real person. Most readers have always assumed that *The Death Ship* was a fictionalized account of Traven's own escape from Germany. My supposedly subtle efforts to start him talking were no match for his barricades, even though at times I thought he wanted to speak freely.

"I like that question about Stanislav," he said. "You're stealing something from me. I thought of writing about it. Yes, Stanislav was a real person." For a fraction of a second, the curtain opened, and then snapped shut. "*I* didn't know anybody in the books written by BT. How could *I* know Stanislav?

"*The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, in Croves' opinion, is the real autobiographical novel, whereas all the others are not." A few minutes later, he amended his words slightly. "Only one of all the novels could be classified as a *biographic* novel, not an *auto*biography, but a biographic novel. One of the main characteristics of BT is in it, but let the reader find out who it might be."

I thought that he was deliberately misleading me, but much later, from people associated with the filming of "The Rebellion of the Hanged" in 1954, I heard a rumor that Croves had entered Mexico through Guatemala where he and a companion had found and fought over a "fabulous" burial tomb. Croves was pictured as a complex man—spellbinding with his stories of finding the secret grave of Cuauhtemoc, a location he never revealed; but infuriating, as he angrily defended and insisted upon the film's exact adherence to each detail of the novel because "*that's* the way it happened—I was there with Traven."

With a different eye, I reread *Treasure* and also *The Night Visitor* in which Gales, visited by the ghost of an ancient Aztec prince, finds the prince's tomb and his remains, as well as the golden ornaments of his lifetime. Those golden ornaments represented, not wealth, but the love felt for the prince by those who gave him the trinkets. The gold in *Treasure* represents nothing but greed; the search for gold, the symbol of the corruption of men, possessed solely by lust for money. The three partners, Dobbs, Curtin and old Howard, understand, in different ways, how the obsession for gold changes men. Like Traven, who had once had a sizable source of funds in Germany, Howard also had a "bank account" of "over a hundred thousand spot cash" until the cash gave out and he was pushing old friends in the streets of Oso Negro to get 50 centavos for a cot to sleep on; and like Traven, Howard is able to laugh at fate—even when it blows the gold dust to the winds.

Reading down my list of questions, Croves ignored one about a German book which had included Traven in an analysis of American writers, along with Jack London, Sinclair Lewis and Upton Sinclair, and went on to discuss the great figures of the Mexican Revolution.

"Some I don't want to make feel bad," he replied characteristically, "so I don't want to say how Traven feels. For instance, I know that Cardenas is a great admirer of Traven. Then we have to study *Land of Springtime* correctly. BT has a great admiration for Calles. He thinks Zapata is important. He uses the war cry of Zapata, "*tierra y libertad*," in his books.

When I asked exactly when Traven had been a prisoner of Villa, he replied, "When he had time to write. It must have been when he did not bring out any scripts in 1914-15, but of this I am not positive."

My discomfort was suffocating and sensing my reaction, he said, "Since you believe I'm Traven, it's very difficult for

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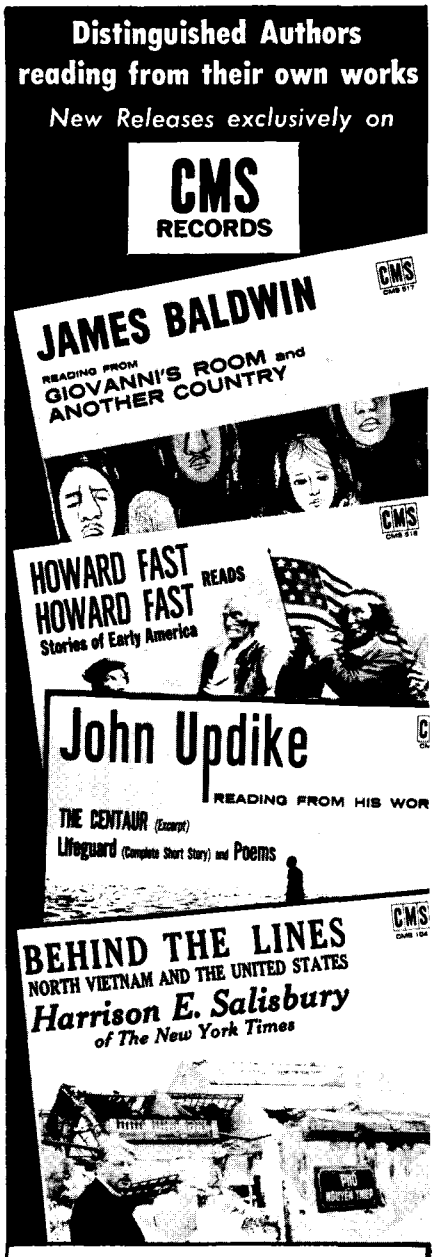

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me to answer this question. It's a very long story."

He launched into a lengthy, confused attempt to explain why he had adopted the name of Hal Croves in order to keep his hand in on the filming of "The Treasure of the Sierra Madre" without revealing his true identity as its author.

It all began when John Huston wrote a letter to Traven. That letter, he said, "came into the possession of Croves because I am a representative of Traven."

Croves sent Huston a cable asking the director to meet him in Mexico City. "I, Croves, came and visited John Huston and he asked me questions about certain details. I said, 'Here, present it this way.' He agreed. He was even applauding, 'Great ideas, Mr. Croves!'

" 'The ideas I give you are according to the sense of Traven because we talked it over months ago,' " Croves told Huston. " 'You, I and Traven will agree because I know exactly what is on his mind.'

"I worked so well with John Huston that he even put me on the payroll of Warner Brothers. With this it started. If you go to the Churubusco studio here and ask for Traven, they will say they never heard of him. Ask them 'Do you know Hal Croves?' 'Of course, he worked with us on "Rosa Blanca"!' Even my great friend and translator [Esperanza López Mateos] knew me only by the name of H. Croves."

Referring to some Traven book copyrights in the name of Croves, he said, "You have to understand it is impossible for me to separate from Traven. I'm part of it. Even to copyright and translation. I took the responsibility. I was so closely united with BT on the motion pictures. We knew sooner or later all the books would be made into pictures. I couldn't go to Churubusco studio and say, 'I'm BT'; they'd say I'm a liar. We needed a legal person. In literary history, more than one writer does the same as O. Henry, but everyone knew who he was. HC is the juridical person BT accepted, and the money is paid to me. They know the money goes to the writer. When we sold *Treasure*, people who put up millions had to be sure. There was never a letter from Traven writing to Warner Brothers saying, 'Where's my money?' I mostly sign for and on behalf of BT. It's always accepted. Sometimes the check is made out to BT and he gets it."

Croves looked old, weary and annoyed. "Hal Croves would like to write about Traven's books sooner or later, and perhaps he will do it because I think I know more about the books than anyone else. John Huston would say to me, 'You must be Traven.' And I would say, 'Oh, John, leave me alone!'

"Personally I cannot accept to be called Mr. Traven. I have no right to accept that name. Croves is Croves and Traven is Traven. That is fully accepted in Mexico this way. I've got the full rights to act for BT and that's all. Besides, who would gain if I come out and say, 'Yes, I'm B. Traven'? Nothing would be better for the books. Nothing would change the economic situation. People would say, 'Well, one is not true.' "

I asked if the Siempre interview with "Traven" and the New York Times story about it were lies. "Not only the Siempre article," he grumbled. "Everybody who writes is a liar, photographing the stairway, that's all! You may mention that people who have written about the mystery man have made more money than BT has made so far. Who I admire in all this company is the one who said, 'Why don't they leave that poor man in peace?' What does it matter? The books exist. Does it matter who wrote Shakespeare's plays—Lord Bacon, Lord Fifi, Lord Pipi? No matter who he is, the books will be great books. The most terrific stories have been published about Shakespeare! Why did I ever get mixed up with Traven? I didn't go looking for him. It came to me. Up to the time of the motion pictures, nobody cared about Hal Croves."

I felt depressed and guilty when I said goodnight. With sadness and anxiety, he nodded, saying he trusted me, and I sensed his own guilt and conflict about the conversation that evening.

I wondered again why I had embarked on this project when the man's deepest need appeared to be the maintenance of his privacy, but *still* I wished he would tell his whole story, complete with his insight into such different periods of world history in Germany and in Mexico.

Finally, I wrote a four page letter, putting into words everything I had wanted to say to him. I wrote that I believed Hal Croves was B. Traven and that B. Traven had been Ret Marut; that the origin of the dilemma about his identity went back to the mystery sur-

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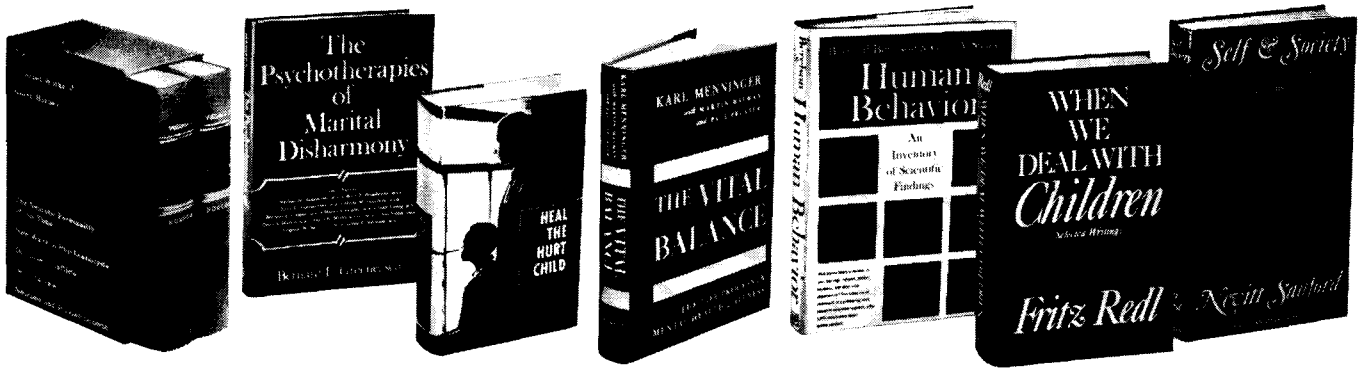

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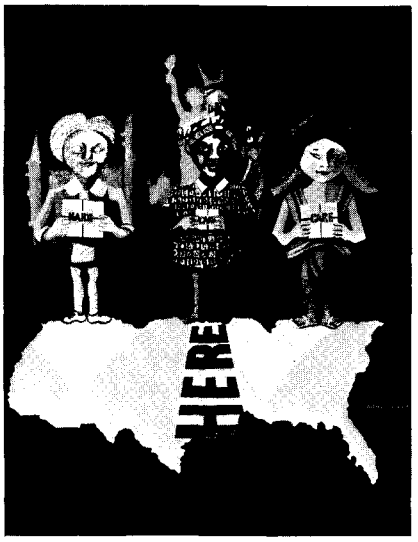

CARE

If you care about me America
the way you say you do
Then please let Daddy truly free
so he may care some too.
I know that there are many kids
who live beyond the sea.
They need care from this great country,
In this I do agree.
But I can't understand at all
why in this rich country
Daddy does not get his chance
In this society.
Mommy says that he loves us,
and that he's really good.
We might a family someday be,
Oh how I wish we could.
I now live in a foster home
on a hill just off the sea.
And out my window I can feel
the vines of green Ivy.
I sleep at night and see my pop,
He's standing in the street.
His clothes are ragged, his eyes shed tears,
He's lost, he's tired, he's beat.
He's scared and hurt, and no one cares
if he should live or die.
Oh America, please help him,
Then I won't have to cry.
My daddy came to see me,
last christmas eve you know.
He let me comb his curly hair,
I prayed he wouldn't go.
I saw a tear roll down his face,
when he walked off from me.
America, we'd need no care,
If you'll let my daddy free.

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rounding his parentage; that his flight from execution in Germany compounded the reasons behind his insistence on anonymity for "B. Traven."

Just as Traven sought to understand the lives of the Indians, so, I wrote, he could not blame me for looking for clues to the life of Traven. I thought the basic clue was to be found in *The Death Ship*, in Gales' reply to the consul: "Birth registered? I do not know, sir. When this happened, I was too small to remember exactly if it was done or not. . . . 'Was your mother married to your father? . . .' I never asked my mother. I thought it was her own business and that it concerns nobody else . . . How can I prove anything since my birth was not registered? . . . My honest name in the register of a death ship? Not me. I have not come down so far yet . . . So I abandoned my good name. I think it was anyway only my mother's name, since it had never been clear if my father had really his name added or not. I severed all family connections. I no longer had a name that was by right my own."

VIII.

A WEEK PASSED WHILE I debated giving him the letter; I thought he would be angered, particularly by my first reference to his German past. He had suggested taking a trip to San Jose Purua where "Treasure" was filmed; I decided to wait and see what happened on that excursion.

It was early in the morning on December 19 when they met me. As usual, the Mexico City sky was grey and oppressive. Croves nodded at me distantly and his wife looked worried. I knew he was accustomed to rising late in the day and working far into the night, so I tried not to take his coolness personally. We stopped at a hotel and changed to a tour limousine. Croves carried what looked like a woman's large handbag stuffed with personal belongings and a small suitcase with an enormous lock. Bitter experience had taught him the necessity of double-locking everything, he said. During the drive, he talked about the history of Mexico City and its growth, the murders committed on the highway, and teased me about taking me across the state line. Finally we passed through a gateway labeled *Poblita Luz Cardenas* and through a stone archway to the hotel, looking vaguely Japanese with red tiled roofs and red bannisters connecting the passageways to the living units. The setting—a valley surrounded by mountains—was beautiful and lush with yellow ciranda trees, velvety red *noche buena* (poinsettia) bushes, exotic purple and magenta blossoms and both orange and banana trees.

It was Croves' first visit in 20 years and he was silent most of the time. Everything had changed, he said, with the exception of all that chicken on the menu. He recalled a large stag table in the center of the dining room. "Not even Betty Bacall sat there. So the men could talk about things ladies shouldn't hear." Betty was a "fine woman," he had told me earlier when he recalled how she had once saved the crew from the deadly monotony of their diet of "chicken, chicken, chicken every day." She drove to Mexico City one Sunday and returned with a sackful of cans, including Boston baked beans.

I asked if he had liked Bogart; it wasn't exactly a maximum security question.

"Oh yes," he began enthusiastically, then hesitated and said, "Well, I won't say since there's a newspaperwoman here. But yes, I liked him very much." He walked on lost in his thoughts.

After "Treasure" was completed, Huston had told the press that he believed Croves was Traven, and postulated his own theory of Traven's double identity —"Traven in contact with people disintegrates and becomes ridiculous. And he is intelligent enough to know that he is ridiculous." Croves furiously denied the identification and ordered his agents never to deal with Huston again.

The pain and anger of that postscript to the filming may have been revived again by the sight of San Jose Purua, causing his retreat into what seemed like hostile silence.

Croves still seemed to want to be alone, so I took a long hike down the mountainside to the river, watched the waterfalls nearby, and wished I would not have to give him that letter. When we met in the evening, he greeted me with a big smile, to my great relief.

Knowing that I had visited Chiapas during the previous week, he talked about his admiration for the primitive tribe of Lacandon Indians which is slowly dying out there.

"They are a free people," he said. "They have never been conquered. They

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raise tobacco and manage to live in the jungle despite being attacked by wild beasts, but a tragic thing is happening. The pretty girls 'mix' with the hacienda owners and they are getting VD." I told him the Indians refused to permit their photographs to be taken and wondered how Traven had managed to do so successfully. He said the Indians believe that "their souls would be taken away if they were photographed."

"Like you," his wife interrupted with a smile.

"It is a belief held by many primitive people," he said. "And Orthodox Jews don't carry their passports, their documents on the Sabbath. It's a good belief," he concluded sympathetically. I did not ask to take his picture.

Later, Mrs. Croves asked, "Would your boss be mad if you don't write a story? My husband said he'd be your friend for life if you don't." Feeling upset, I replied that I had a commitment to fulfill. We drove back to Mexico City in nearly total silence and when I left them, I gave him my letter. That night I decided it would be pointless to prolong my stay in Mexico.

IX.

A FEW DAYS AFTER CHRISTMAS, I returned to the Croves' home for my last visit. The Christmas tree in the hallway was brightly decorated with gold balls. When Croves came in, he shook hands in a very friendly manner and asked, "Have you seen what Santa Claus has brought you?" I had mentioned that I liked Mexican onyx and they gave me an onyx powder box.

I was surprised when he asked, "When do you go back to the chain gang?" In a severe tone, but only half-joking, I said he should stop discriminating against reporters; it was as bad as any other kind of discrimination. "I'm not against newspapers," he replied seriously. "We can even say we like you very much, but BT *hates* reporters."

"In that letter you wrote," he went on unexpectedly, "that man Marut was a polemical writer. I think he was a political charlatan. He never wrote a poem [later I read his poems in Der Ziegelbrenner] and BT has written many. That paper—he didn't even write all of it, some other people wrote it. If he translated Shelley—how did they let him get away with that during the war? Some German newspapermen came here and said they would welcome Marut as a hero. I don't even think he took part in that revolution."

Later, we walked down the Reforma, which is always hung with magnificent lights during the holiday season. As we passed the American Embassy, he mentioned that the building contains an air raid shelter. "I guess they're afraid of demonstrations," he said. Then he thought of that day's dismal news—about the rampaging Chinese "cultural revolution" and the way all fine dreams for the brotherhood of man come to an end—and he shook his head. "No, now it's not the United States they demonstrate against. It's against the Chinese in Russia and against the Russians in China." His disgust was obvious; once he had cared and he still cared enough to feel disgust.

As we drove home, Croves said, "About that letter, I would have to answer it point by point. You will hear from me. For the most part, I thought it was a very good letter."

I kissed him goodbye, feeling very sad, and he said, "We have enjoyed having you. Don't spoil it."

There has been no mail from B. Traven.

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A Reader's Guide to B. Traven

[THE LANGUAGE MYSTERY]

ONE OF THE MYSTERIES about Traven's work has been the question of whether he writes in German or English. All of his books were first published in German, and critics attest to his brilliant use of that language. However, since the appearance in 1925 of his first short story, "The Cotton Pickers" (later enlarged to novel length), he has insisted that he is an American who knows no German.

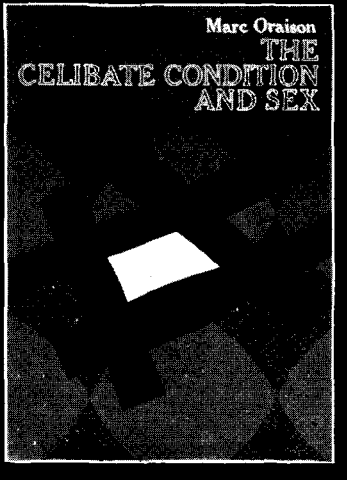
The truth is that as an author, he is only at home in the German language, although he can write in English and Spanish. He has said that he tried to sell his manuscripts to American publishers first, but that they were rejected. The British editions of his books have all been translated from the German with the exception of *The White Rose*, published by Robert Hale in 1965. This carries no information about any translation, but I believe it is a heavily—and badly—edited edition of Traven's own English version of the book, first published in Germany in 1929.

The Bridge in the Jungle, recently republished in the U.S. by Hill and Wang, came out in Germany in 1929, but oddly, when it was reissued in that country in 1955, carried the notation that it was translated by Werner Preuszer from the "original" American.

When in the '30s American editions were finally published of *The Death Ship*, *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre* and *The Bridge in the Jungle*, they were "styled" from Traven's own uneven English versions by Bernard Smith, a Knopf editor, now a producer at MGM.

[THE DEATH SHIP]

THE DEATH SHIP is an unforgettable novel, a devastating attack on bureaucracy and the state; an ironic, compassionate, unrivaled picture of homeless seamen, descended into the hell of the SS Yorikke's stokehold. Like poor Yorick, who was once the king's jester, the Yorikke was the bare bones of a ship for the remains of men, men who had lost everything but their ability to work.



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As a young actor in Germany playing the clowning gravedigger, Marut had heard the lines of Hamlet and marked them well: "Has this fellow no feeling of his business that he sings at grave-making?" Offstage, Marut continued to sing at gravemaking, derisively attacking the hypocrisy of those final rituals in his "death songs" in Der Ziegelbrenner, and as Traven he approvingly observed that Indians dance at funeral solemnities.

Traven's powerful effect in *The Death Ship* is achieved despite his erratic structure, awkward language and characters who lack full dimensions.

But Gerald Gales, a friendless American sailor stranded without a passport in a strange country, is memorable. With Gales as narrator in *The Death Ship* and other books, Traven's tone takes on an oddly cheerful good humor—the one totally new note in the writer's voice. It had never appeared in Der Ziegelbrenner.

"I can't help it if I see most things in a funny way," Gales says. "I can laugh at a thousand things and situations, even at the brutalities of fascism, which as I see them are but a ridiculous cowardice without limits, but I can never laugh at love shown by men for those of their fellow men in pain and sorrow."

[THE COTTON PICKERS]

After surviving a shipwreck, Gales goes on, in *The Cotton Pickers*, to a series of other adventures. For back-breaking work picking a "young mountain of cotton" under the tropical sun, the workers earned all of six centavos; Gales got two cents more—the magnificent differential for a white skin. His companions were typical of the international fortune hunters who drifted through Mexico in those days with but one thought: "get rich quick without regard to what happens to the other fellow." Gales feels the misery of the cotton pickers, but he also understands the economic problems faced by Mr. Shine, the American farmer who employs them. Although Shine accuses Gales of being a "Bolshie" and an "agitator," he likes him and gets him a job as an oil driller.

There Gales' sensitive eye discovers that "in spite of everything . . . there is romance in the oil field." His imagination is captured by the "eternally virgin bush of the tropics with its indefinable mystique, its fantastic secret animal life, its dream-shaped, dream-colored plants, its unexplored treasure of stone and metal."

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An Open Letter

TO: Hon. Ramsey Clark, U.S. Attorney General, Washington, D.C.
Hon. Dr. Sheldon Ackley, Chairman, Civil Liberties Union, New York
International Committee of the Red Cross, Geneva, Switzerland

Dear Sirs:

Referring to my statement published by the New York Times on July 27, 1967 (p. 32; re: Instrument No. 116708 City Reg. Office, Queens County, New York), I am compelled to make the following announcement:

1. Since January 1961, my wife and I have lived in the United States by right of political asylum granted to us in the name of the United States Department of Justice on January 4, 1961, for reason of my voluntary support of the national security of the United States and its Western allies. Prior to our arrival in the United States, governmental help, support and protection was promised to us in the name of Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the FBI. Because of our departure, nine of our relatives found themselves in a very difficult situation; they were evacuated during January 1961 by representatives of the U.S. government.

During the past few years we (my wife, myself, and our American-born daughter) have found ourselves in most difficult circumstances, due to arbitrary and dishonest decisions of some CIA officials. I was thus forced in 1963 to write the then U.S. Attorney General, Mr. R. F. Kennedy, who answered in response to my complaint via his office on August 14, 1963: "The Attorney General has asked me to reply to your letter . . . The Attorney General has been informed by representatives of the CIA of the pertinent aspects of your case and has expressed appreciation for the opportunity to become fully acquainted with it. The Attorney General has expressed a strong interest in having it settled in a manner equitable to you and the U.S. government. This office has asked the CIA, as the executive agency of the U.S. government responsible for this case, to contact you regarding it. It is the Attorney General's hope that this arrangement will be satisfactory. . . ."

2. Since 1961, authorized representatives of the CIA—especially Dulles, Angleton, Helms and Osborne—have never de facto realized the promises of the U.S. Department of Justice. Even disregarded to date have been our most limited rights, provided in a United States employment contract (as a consultant to the U.S. government) entered into by the U.S. government on October 7, 1963, and represented by the CIA, which broke said contract without any lawful reason on January 10, 1964, and is at present approximately $50,000 in arrears with my salary payment, plus a balance of approximately $100,000 reimbursement for loss of property and rights which my wife and I were obliged to leave in Berlin and Poland respectively. Said U.S. contract, ratified by me as Colonel Michael M. Goleniewski (H.R. 5507), contains no reference to my real identity and my rights of approximately $400,500,000 (see Legal Notices, New York Herald Tribune, November 16-22, 1965). In setting forth in detail the circumstances surrounding our stay in the United States and the events ensuing therefrom, I refer to my wife's and my petitions and statements published by: the New York Herald Tribune, January 27, 1966; the Washington Daily News, February 10 and June 16, 1966; the New York Times, November 3 and December 9, 1966 and July 27, 1967.

3. With regard to aforementioned poor and inhuman status under which the CIA is forcing us to live, demand is herewith made for the entire sum due—approximately $150,000—immediately. Said demand, including necessary supporting documents, was included in my complaint (July 27, 1967, reg. no. 15488) to the Hon. Ramsey Clark, U.S. Attorney General, Washington, D.C.

With regard to my open letter to the Director of the CIA (Washington Daily News, June 16, 1966) the officials of the CIA—S. Kuhn, G. Newton, W. Mahder and Chief of Security H. Osborne—have, in order to stall for time, made phony promises or unacceptable propositions. For these and other reasons, I must state herewith that I do not wish any further relations with officials of the CIA. I wish to emphasize that I neither tried to get in touch with the CIA prior to my arrival in the U.S. nor after the right of political asylum was granted.

4. The CIA is exclusively responsible for the fact that since December 1966, I am no longer able to pay the monthly rent for my apartment arranged by the CIA. The Chief of Security of the CIA found it necessary to pay said apartment rent (for December 1966-July 1967) as a small payment on account of my claims. I would never have needed such "help" if the CIA had settled my requests in a proper way. The CIA is paying my rent from my own money, which the U.S. government conceded to us and which is only deposited by the CIA.

5. The U.S. employment contract of October 7, 1963, provided, among other things, that in the event of cancellation served by the government (which never legally took place), the government expressed its willingness to provide aid and advice to assist me in obtaining non-governmental employment in the United States. These governmental promises were never fulfilled. Despite all my efforts (limited for health reasons by a hereditary blood disease and my age, and the entire situation) certain CIA officials have kept me away from any earnings for the past three years.

6. Despite my statement of December 9, 1966, in the New York Times with regard to a self-appointed book by an individual named Guy Richards regarding my person and my activities and containing criminal libel against me and also against certain U.S. representatives and/or agencies, no legal action against this individual was taken on the part of the CIA (or other federal agencies).

7. I discharged my representative, R. Speller (President of Robert Speller and Sons, Publ., Inc., 10 E. 23rd St., New York 10010). Such discharge has been effected by my letter dated September 7, 1965 (reg. no. 182617), and via legal notice in the New York Herald Tribune (November 16-22, 1965). Since said individual is still trying to represent me, disregarding my interventions by competent U.S. agencies, I urge that I am not responsible for such misrepresentation in any case.

8. I have been deprived of necessary and expensive medical help. Even the health insurance promised by the U.S. employment contract was never arranged by the CIA. I have been deprived of any possibilities to express my opinions through the free press and other news media in the United States, facing baseless charges and libeling by certain newspapers and publications. I deny the charges that I am the creation of the U.S. Secret Service (Krasnaya Zwezda, UPI 1965 et al), or a creation of the Jewish community (Vladimirskiy Vistnik, Sao Paulo, Brazil, 1965 et al) or an invention of the CIA (Komsomolskaya Pravda, UPI, New York Times, 1966 et al).

9. Despite my complaints, directed to the U.S. Postmaster General on March 7, 1967, and also referred to U.S. Senators E. Long and W. Bennet, our mail was and is in many cases opened and intercepted. It is advisable to direct all letters to our address by certified or registered mail.

These circumstances, serving the interest of some foreign agents and private persons who are interested in my Russian Imperial inheritance, have reached a point of national, religious, political and personal persecution, and of malicious imprisonment; my wife and little daughter are also victims of said persecution. Since Lenin, Trotzki and Swerdlov found no reason and no courage in 1918 to murder the Russian Imperial Family, and they escaped in July 1918 from Siberia into exile and the underground, it seems that some officials of the CIA are authorized to keep me and my family in conditions of a democratic SS isolation camp in the United States.

Protecting the interests of our American-born daughter Tatiana Alekseievna, an instrument, No. 116708, was recorded on July 12, 1967, at the City Reg. Office, Queens, New York, which presents our situation during the last years in a more detailed fashion, since there is not sufficient space in a letter of this kind to cover our complicated situation completely.

10. Since our admission into the United States on January 12, 1961, we have never had the assistance of an attorney referred by representatives of the U.S. government. I herewith wish to ask for an immediate appointment of an attorney-at-law for the legal protection of my wife and daughter. I am interested in honest attorneys, different from those whom I unfortunately had to meet in New York. Propositions can be directed by registered mail to my address.

11. All comparison material and identification reports regarding verification of my identity conducted by the CIA with the aid of the British Secret Service with my cooperation in 1961, are exclusively my private possession and have as such no reference to the national security of the United States. The verification of my identity has been announced by authorized and knowledgeable persons: Manchester N. H. Union Leader, December 19, 1964 et al; UPI, New York Journal American, the Washington News, January 19, 1965 et al; Washington Daily News, June 16 and September 2, 1966. The text of an affidavit of former Chief of Research and Analysis of Headquarters of the CIA, Mr. Herman E. Kimsey of June 3, 1965, and his confirmation letter of May 26, 1966, is as follows:

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June 3, 1965

STATE OF NEW YORK)
) ss.:
COUNTY OF NEW YORK)

HERMAN KIMSEY, being duly sworn, deposes and says:

1. I reside at the Vivian Hotel, 1723 "G" Street, Washington, D. C.

2. I have personally read a number of times and am familiar with a certain article which appeared in the "New York Journal American" on Tuesday, January 19, 1965, the main headline of which reads, "CIA Challenged to Bare Data on Czarevich Case", a copy of which is attached hereto and initialed by me.

3. Every statement attributed to me in that article is correctly attributed and the quotation of my statement in that article is correctly quoted as such. No implications are to be drawn beyond the exact text of the article.

4. I was employed by the Central Intelligence Agency in the following capacities for the respective dates indicated:

Chief, Research & Analysis, 1954-1962
Analyst, Research & Analysis, 1953-1954

5. I terminated my relationship with the CIA on September 20, 1962.

6. As stated in the article referred to, I am convinced the tests proved the individual known as Col. Goleniewski is the Tsarevich and Grand Duke Aleksei Nicholaevich of Russia, the son of Emperor Nicholas II. The tests and the affirmative results thereof were as follows according to subject individual:

A. Fingerprint comparison with those of the Tsarevich taken during his visit in London in 1909 and later from other sources in possession of British Government.

B. Sole prints comparisons with those of birth records and later medical records in possession of British Government, German Government and Synod of Russian Orthodox Church in New York City.

C. Dental charts comparisons with those on file with the late Dr. Kostrycki of Paris, France and formerly the Dentist of the Russian Imperial Family.

D. Anthropometrical test compared with material from sister and other relatives.

E. Face Print test comparison with photos taken in childhood, and parents and grandparents.

F. Blood tests compared with previous medical records and those of family.

G. Medical record compared for purpose of checking scars and marks with special attention to legs.

H. Handwriting compared with childhood writing.

I. Recognition by confrontation with childhood friends, relatives, etc.

7. In addition to the above CIA tests, there were the following tests, with which I am personally familiar, made by the Academy of Scientific Interrogation in New York: -

A. Comparison of portrait photos of Russian Imperial Family with that of subject by famous portrait artist Nell Holt with affirmative results, specifically, the Imperial Family photograph taken in 1942.

B. Confrontation and mutual recognition with Sister Anastasia Nicholaevna, Grand Duchess of Russia (a/k/a Eugenia Smith) whose identity has been validated by polygraph, personal documents, and intensive investigation in United States and Europe.

C. Research in New York Public Library reference to the alleged execution of the Imperial Family.

D. Detailed and intensive investigation and the examination of documents, photographs, and special properties of subject as well as extended interrogation.

E. Private intelligence sources and materials who have personal knowledge of subject and his background.

8. So far as I know, there have been no contrary factual indications or reactions to the general thesis of the article referred to nor to any of the details therein. Since the publication of that article, I have not directly or indirectly been requested by the CIA to refrain from pursuing the thesis of that article although I offered to comply with any such request were it made, nor has there been any claim to me by the CIA of any error with respect to any of the factual matters therein stated as attributed to me, as a quotation from me, or otherwise.

9. There is nothing in my prior arrangement with the Central Intelligence Agency as one of its officials and employees which would in any way inhibit me from making the foregoing statements or any statements with respect to this subject matter. I have been, and cont nue to be, at complete liberty with respect thereto.

10. As stated in the article referred to, I was convinced, and I continue to be convinced, that the person referred to as Col. Goleniewski and in whose presence I am signing this affidavit is in fact the Tsarevich and Grand Duke Aleksei Nicholaevich Romanoff of Russia, the son of Emperor Nicholas II of Russia.

Herman E. Kimsey

HERMAN KIMSEY

I have your recent inquiry asking for confirmation of my affidavit of June 3, 1965 and my previous statements made in the Czarevich Case(*).

This letter will serve to confirm my affidavit and previous statements widely circulated in the press via the United Press International news service and published in the Washington (D. C.) Daily News, the New York Journal American and other newspapers on January 19, 1965.

You further ask for information regarding my knowledge of the present status of my investigation in this case. In reply I can state that much additional evidence is being revealed and confirmed as late as May 9, 1966, while not a single objection or contradiction has been registered, observed or received from any official sources or otherwise within my operational scope, therefore all of my previous statements in this case have been and are now confirmed in no uncertain terms.

Respectfully yours,

Herman E. Kimsey

12. The contents of this affidavit regarding verification of my identity were confirmed by Mr. Cleve Backster, Chairman of the Research Committee of the Academy of Scientific Interrogation, New York City, on December 19, 1964 and, prior to this, by Hon. Michael A. Feighan, Chairman of the Joint Committee on Immigration and Nationalities of the U.S. Congress, in my apartment on June 5, 1964 (see Legal Notices, New York Herald Tribune, July 7, 1964), as well as by certain other knowledgeable persons. Pursuant to the Freedom of Information Act, July 4, 1967, and the announcement of the CIA (New York Times, July 22, 1967), demand is herewith made for immediate release to my disposition of all identification reports and their affirmative results regarding verification of my identity, as promised by the authorized representatives of the CIA in 1965 and as requested by me in my open letter to the Director of the CIA (Washington Daily News, June 16, 1966).

The following copy of a letter of the ACAS, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, is one example of efforts on the part of honest Americans to help me and my family:

Anti-Communist Action Society

POST OFFICE BOX 1376
PHILADELPHIA, PENNA. 19105

March 19, 1966

President Lyndon B. Johnson
The White House
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. President:

On January 12, 1961, after having heroically served the western powers for more than two years, H.I.H., Aleksei Nicholaevich Romanoff (known in exile as Michael Goleniewski) landed in the United States in an effort to seek sanctuary from Communist attempts to pursue and capture him.

From an official position in the Polish Communist government, this man had, at the peril of his life, passed important documents to American authorities in Switzerland. His disclosures included naming spies and agents throughout Western Europe and in U. S. Government Departments and Agencies. Information supplied by Aleksei was of great importance to the United States and the Free World and resulted in the breaking up of spy rings in several countries and the arrest and conviction of a number of communist intelligence officials and agents.

There is not sufficient space in a letter of this kind, to cover completely the immense service rendered by Romanoff to the cause of freedom.

We take this opportunity to request of you, Mr. President, that you take a personal interest in the case of Aleksei Romanoff. We beg you to secure for him the following:

1. Ask the U. S. Immigration and Naturalization Service to issue to both Romanoff, and his wife, corrected registration cards bearing their true names.

2. Please request the CIA to release to Aleksei Romanoff the material which they are holding on his true identity. We ask that this include the evidence, substantiated by British Intelligence reports, which confirms that Romanoff is, in reality, the Tsarevich, son of Nicholas II.

3. We, further, ask that Aleksei Romanoff be given police protection in appreciation for the very outstanding contribution that he has made to the cause of freedom.

As Americans we cannot believe that a President who has shown such concern for the victims of Communist aggression abroad, will fail to support this plea which we, the undersigned, make on behalf of this truly great man.

Very respectfully yours
Edward A. Newman, Chairman
Anti-Communist Action Society
P.O. Box 1376, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105

(NOTE: THIS WAS SIGNED BY 78 SUPPORTING SIGNATURES)

Since the Central Intelligence Agency is placed directly under the National Security Council and is, therefore, immediately under the jurisdiction of the President of the United States, I wish to bring this open letter to the special attention of the President, Hon. Lyndon B. Johnson, referring to his proclamation of July 27, 1967, which in part states: "From its earliest day, our nation has been dedicated to justice, to equality and to order. We are a people committed to the rule of law, believing that it holds the greatest hope for human progress and well-being . . ." I would like to ask herewith that the President of the United States induce the settlement of the aforementioned matters which are of vital importance to my wife, our little daughter (who is a U.S. citizen) and myself.

The Heir to the All-Russian Imperial Throne,
Tsarevich and Grand Duke of Russia,
Head of the Russian Imperial House, etc.
and August Ataman etc. etc.

Aleksei Nicholaevich Romanoff

Aleksei Nicholaevich Romanoff
New York, August 5, 1967. Address:
Aleksei Nicholaevich Romanoff, P.O. Box 281,
Murray Hill Station, New York 10036

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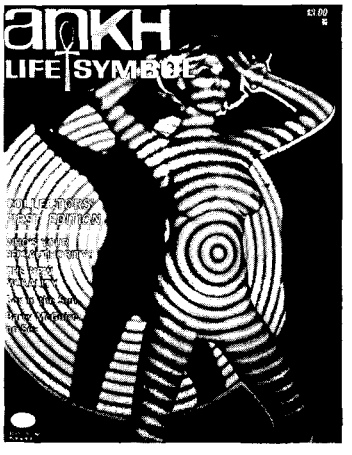

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He becomes a baker, observes a Mexican strike and philosophizes about robbery, murder and the whores of Tampico. When Gales drives a thousand head of cattle overland across Mexico, he exults in his freedom and the beauty of the land and gives gentle care to the new-born calves. As he looks at his army of half-wild cattle, he thinks: "Oh, you who took armies of warriors across the Alps to carry murder and pillage into lands of peace, what do you know of the joy, the perfect joy, of leading an army!"

[THE BRIDGE IN THE JUNGLE]

Later, hunting for alligators in *The Bridge in the Jungle*, Gales comes upon something more human: a search for a little Mexican boy who, less sure-footed than usual in his tight new American shoes, has drowned while racing across a bridge built by an American oil crew. The Indians' attempt to find the boy and the mother's grief build up to the final macabre funeral march when "there came floating through the boiling air the sounds of that musical glory of the century, the great American Te Deum, *Taintgonnarainnomo*."

As Gales ponders the contrast between the ugliness and destruction that civilization has brought to this isolated place, and the honest emotions of its people, Traven's tone shifts from harshness to tenderness. But he never romanticizes the "noble primitive"; he is much too sensitive to the complexity within every human being to give less than full measure to the Indians. That intuitive perception transcending totally different cultures and languages is what gives greatness to Traven's works. Many critics believe that *Bridge* is his most perfect work of art. Traven agrees.

[THE WHITE ROSE]

The conflict that develops when a new civilization wants to exploit the land for its oil is melodramatically explored in *The White Rose* (1929). It details the maneuvers by which a ruthless American capitalist stops at nothing to secure control of an old hacienda, called Rosa Blanca, for its "black gold."

As long as he describes the Mexicans and their feeling for the soil, Traven is authentic, vivid and moving, but when the scene shifts to C. C. Collins, president of Condor Oil, and his mistress, Basileen, the writing is sometimes ludicrously bad and the characters are synthetic caricatures. Despite this, there is a strange fascination about them and the portraits are not totally unsympathetic. Traven is convincing historically, if not dramatically, in his description of Collins' rise to power by manipulating labor unions to strike when it serves his interests, causing havoc in hard coal mines and on the stock market. "The bones, sinews and nerves of modern civilization are coal, steel, cotton and wheat," writes Traven. "He who controls these is mightier than the Lord."

To Traven, Collins is "neither more nor less moral if you wish to call it that, than other men. He is honest to himself at times when others are hypocrites, that's all. He is a product of his times. He is only one grain of dust swept around the earth in the cosmic storm that seems to whisper, 'Hustle! Or be hustled to death! Devour or be devoured. Don't pity the failures, the devil takes care of the hindmost!' "

With the hacienda finally in his grasp, Collins' sole aim is to pump as much oil as possible out of the earth regardless of the number of people destroyed: "As the good Lord in heaven knows very well, an oil camp is no kindergarten. There's little room in this world for goddamned people who can't look out for themselves. Some people are always praying for help from heaven. But we who are in oil are different; we're a tough lot, that's what we are. And besides, what do men matter? The only thing that matters is oil. Yes, OIL. Thank you, Lord, for the flow of your infinite bounty. Amen."

[THE "JUNGLE" NOVELS]

Where Traven failed to capture the personality of an American capitalist, he succeeded miraculously in evoking the world of men displaced from their land by industrialization and dictatorship. His most ambitious project, a series of "jungle" novels, deals with the lives of Indian oxcart (*carreta*) drivers, peons and mahogany camp workers as they are forced into debt and thrust, without an alternative, into the unbelievable brutality of the mahogany (*caoba*) camps where they are worse off than slaves. The books were published in German in the following sequence: *The Carreta*, 1931; *Government*, 1931; *March to Caoba-land*, 1933; *Die Troza*, 1936 (not published in English); *The Rebellion of the Hanged*, 1936; and *General from the Jungle*, 1940.

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These novels contain some of Traven's most tender and lyrical writing, as well as the most brutal. Characters are introduced, disappear, and finally emerge again as part of one of the armies that arose all over Mexico to overthrow the dictatorship of Porfirio Díaz in 1910.

Andrew Ugaldo, who learned to read and to think and become a man driving the oxcarts, is introduced in *The Carreta*. His love for a poor little Indian girl whom he names Estrellita is sketched with a delicacy and sensitivity that has long gone out of fashion, and so will forever keep its appeal. In the love between Andrew and his father, Traven shows once again his poignant response to those Indian parents whose emotions lie too deep for words.

Government analyzes with admiring amusement the independent Bachajontec Indian community. These Indians had kept both the church and Díaz' corrupt administrators at a distance, democratically electing their own chiefs once a year, inaugurating them literally in the hot-seat of public office and leaving them scarred for life as a reminder of their public service. When one chief tries to stay in office for more than a year, the book rises to a pitch of excitement in a climactic scene as the Indians move with terrifying swiftness against him.

In *March to Caoba-land*, unlucky young Celso Flores, tricked out of very hard-earned money for his wedding, meets up with Andrew Ugaldo in a horrible march through the jungle to slave again in the *monterias*. If they want to survive, Celso advises the new "innocent little lambkins," they must become like *caoba*, "hard as steel and get dark red blood into your veins."

A poor small farmer, Candido Castro, in debt to a doctor who fails to save the life of Candido's wife, joins the others in *The Rebellion of the Hanged*, the most powerful book in the series. At the *monteria*, the mahogany cutters are forced to increase their already impossible logging tasks as the three Montellano brothers become increasingly desperate about rumors that the dictatorship is falling. (The brothers are supposed to have been modeled on real *monteria* owners whom Traven knew; it may be the reason he didn't return to that part of Mexico for many years.) The workers who can't fulfill their quotas are flogged, hung alive from trees by all four extremities and left to face the terrors of the fearsome tropical night. Finally, with nothing left to lose, the men rebel; maddened by the tortures inflicted upon them, they ruthlessly kill their oppressors: "When the oppressed and the persecuted begins to feel that his life has become so like that of a beast that it can not become more so, then the last boundary has been overstepped. A man loses all sense of reason and behaves like a beast in order to regain his status as a human being."

Before they can scatter back to their homes, a rebel schoolteacher, Martin Trinidad, convinces them that they cannot be free until men in all the camps have land and liberty. With "*tierra y libertad*" as their slogan, they form into a rebel army in *General from the Jungle*—and find, ironically, after all their isolated battles, that Díaz has long since been overthrown and the victorious generals are already squabbling over the spoils. And so the *muchachos* of the rebel army settle down in their last camp, a fine location for a new village, and they call it *Solipaz*—Sun and Peace.

[THE NIGHT VISITOR]

As Marut, he had called upon men to become "permanent revolutionaries," and that same cry issued forth from Traven in the depths of the jungle. In the title story of *The Night Visitor*, Doc Cranwell expresses the author's theories: "Sometimes I think that the trouble with people today is that we don't destroy enough of the things and systems which we believe perfect . . . and make room for absolutely new and different things and systems infinitely more perfect than the ones we destroyed . . . Be like God who destroys with His left hand what He created with His right . . ."

There is one ultimate purpose for all such change and it is expressed in the same short story through the ghost of an Aztec prince. Here, despite all his irony, cynicism and his relentlessly clear-sighted view of the world, Traven's hope and idealism shine through: "For love and nothing but love, man is born into this world . . . Only the love we gave and the love we received in return . . . will be taken into account. In the face of the Everlasting, we will be measured only according to the amount of our love . . ."

Judy Stone edits the music, art and drama section of the San Francisco Chronicle.

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